MOTION PICTURE

JUNE 25c

14 UNFORGETTABLE PAGES

THE TORMENT OF LIZ TAYLOR

WHAT NEXT?

Gown by Arnold N. Fox

by the pool...or at the prom...

YOU FEEL THIS COOL, THIS CLEAN, THIS FRESH WITH TAMPAX

You unconcerned, laughing, splashing, swimming, knowing nothing can show, no one will know—with Tampax. You awaiting your date for the big dance, the big night—so happy for the freedom, the confidence that Tampax brings. Millions of girls share your joy. Worn internally, Tampax is the modern way.

TAMPAX...so much a part of your active life

Tampax® internal sanitary protection is made only by Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET; what a beautiful difference it makes! Any gal who's ever used a razor knows there's trouble with razor stubble; bristly, coarse hair-ends that feel ugly, look worse. Gentle, smoothing NEET actually beauty-creams the hair away; goes down deep where no razor can reach! No wonder it takes so much longer for new hair to come in. So next time, for the smoothest, nicest looking legs in town, why not try NEET—you'll never want to shave again!

Neet®

So natural... even HE can't tell!

Nestle Hair Color

COLOR-BRIGHTENS YOUR HAIR SO EASILY • IN ONLY 5 MINUTES

Nestle Colorinse enhances your natural hair shade with color-highlights and sheen. Quickly rinses in... stays color-true till your next shampoo! Lifts drab blonde hair to sunny splendor. Gives mousey brown hair dramatic beauty. Glorifies faded red with fiery sparkle. Transforms dull black hair to beautiful brilliance. 12 glorious shades. 35¢

NESTLE COLORINSE

Nestle Colortint gives rich, lustrous, all-over color that lasts through 3 shampoos. Stronger than a rinse but not a permanent dye! Lanolin enriched. Nestle Colortint intensifies your own hair shade OR adds exciting NEW color. It's world-famous for blending-in gray, streaked and faded hair. 10 lovely shades. 35¢

NESTLE COLORTINT

6 rinses 35¢

Nestle

COLORS YOUR HAIR WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING

MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING SCREEN LIFE, HOLLYWOOD AND MOVIE STORY MAGAZINES

JACK PODELL, Editor

LARRY THOMAS, Managing Editor
MARY FIORE, Associate Editor
CAROL PLAINE, Associate Editor
HARRY W. FASS, Art Editor
PAT CAMPBELL, West Coast Editor
BARBARA HENDERSON, Contributing Editor
GRACE A. HUFNER, Service Editor
BARRY WOLFE, Art Assistant

a 14-page MOTION PICTURE bonus

LIZ TAYLOR — The Torment Of A Woman ..... Jim Hoffman 25

exclusive stories

CLARK GABLE — Gable's Son Is Born ..... Ruth Waterbury 13
JUDI MEREDITH — I Must Defend Myself ..... Lou Larkin 16
SANDY & BOBBY — Love Can Be A Terrible Thing ..... Rona Barrett 21
DEBBIE REYNOLDS — Happiness Is A Guy Named Harry ..... Maxine Arnold 38
ROCK HUDSON — Me Adventurous? Never Touch The Stuff! ..... Jane Ardmore 42
SUSAN KOHNER — "I'm Glad My Parents Didn't Trust Me" ..... William Tusher 47
TROY DONAHUE — Two Nice Kids Engaged To Be Engaged ..... Lisa Reynolds 49
PAT BOONE — Brotherhood Is A 4-Letter Word ..... William Tusher 50
JANE WYMAN — Love Is Lovelier The Second Time Around ..... Ruth Waterbury 53

a MOTION PICTURE special

"Have Pity On An Aging Actress" ..... Lou Larkin 18

special features

Recipe For A Well-Done Beauty ..... Grace A. Hufner 8
Bulletin Board ..... Mary Fiore 11
Match The Mothers 12
Your MOTION PICTURE Shopping Section 14
The Day I Became A Woman 44
Your MOTION PICTURE Ballot 65
A Special MOTION PICTURE Offer 69

gossip columns

Under Hedda's Hat ..... Hedda Hopper 4
Young Hollywood ..... Rona Barrett 10
Private Wire 76

color pin-ups

Sandra Dee & Bobby Darin 23
Liz Taylor 24
Debbie Reynolds 41
Rock Hudson 43
Susan Kohner 46
Troy Donahue 48

Our cover subject, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, was photographed by U.P.I.

Volume 51 No. 605 **50th YEAR** **JUNE, 1961**

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

Roger Fawcett, General Manager
Gordon Fawcett, Secretary-Treasurer
Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director
E. J. Smithson, Western Manager
Ralph Daigh, Editorial Director
James B. Boynton, Advertising Director
Al Allard, Art Director
Ralph Mattison, Associate Art Director

Fred H. Walsh, Jr., Advertising Manager

Permission is granted to quote from this issue on radio or television, provided not more than 1,000 words is quoted and credit is given to magazine and issue, as well as the statement copyright 1961, by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

MOTION PICTURE Magazine is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.: and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc., 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos.

Second class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y., and 9145 Sunset Blvd., W. Hollywood, Calif. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit 26, Mich.; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 5, Calif.; 681 Market St., San Francisco 5, Calif.; Hale Printup & Associates, Langford Bldg., Miami 32, Fla., and 1401 Peachtree St., N.E., Atlanta 9, Ga.

Printed in U.S.A. Copyright 1961 by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 25c a copy, $2.50 a year in U. S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $5.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U. S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn.

Member of: Audit Bureau of Circulations ABC Magazine Publishers Association, Inc. MPA

SHE WAS SO BUSY WITH HER CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET MARRIED!

This is the story of Anna, schoolteacher by trade, single by choice and most things to most men from 5 to 55!

This is Paul who was terribly offended because she didn't ask him to spend the week-end!

This is W.W.J. who fell in the sandbox and in love — all at the same time!

This is Whareparita, the teen-ager who learned about love and life before she became a woman!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRESENTS

SHIRLEY MacLAINE
LAURENCE HARVEY
JACK HAWKINS

in A JULIAN BLAUSTEIN PRODUCTION

TWO LOVES

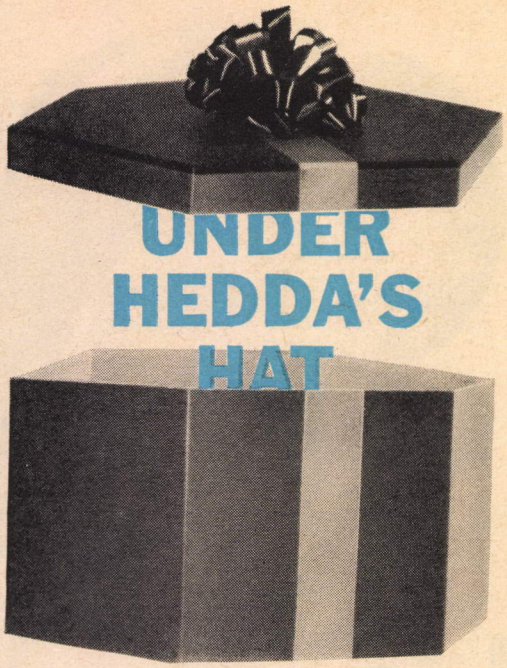
with NOBU McCARTHY

Screenplay by BEN MADDOW

Based on the novel by SYLVIA ASHTON-WARNER

Directed by CHARLES WALTERS

In CinemaScope and Metrocolor



UNDER HEDDA'S HAT

by HEDDA HOPPER

When Montgomery Clift finished his moving seven-and-a-half-minute scene for ***Judgment At Nuremberg***, there wasn't a dry eye on the sound stage. Old pro Spencer Tracy rushed over, put his arms around him and said, "That was magnificent!" Monty gets $300,000 a picture, and when producer-director Stanley Kramer told him he couldn't afford him, Monty said he'd do the role for nothing—and he did. I talked to Kramer about the picture. He said "It's the finest script I've ever read. I don't really know if I'm good enough to direct, but I do know actors like Monty, Burt Lancaster, Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark and Maximilian Schell will make it great."

By the way, after Frank Sinatra got his Oscar for ***From Here To Eternity***, he told me he couldn't have done the part without Monty's help. Said Frankie, "He really got the Oscar for me." Clift has never won an Oscar—although he's been nominated four times. Maybe ***Judgment At Nuremberg*** will get him one.

The misunderstanding between Peter Lawford and Frank Sinatra ended

Glenn Ford and Hope Lange let others worry about whether or not they'll marry—they just have fun!

Ma and Pa Calhoun got all decked out for new dotter's christening.

June Haver MacMurray is happy Fred's TV series was one of the hits of the season.

Good news! Carolyn Jones returns to the screen in the zany *Sail A Crooked Ship.*

quickly. In days gone by, Peter was happy taking orders from Frank. Frank made him a member of the Clan and gave him more publicity than he'd ever had in his life. When Lawford's brother-in-law became President, Peter started to assert himself. That's when the misunderstanding started. Let's face it—everyone knows they need each other and that the feud wouldn't last.

If at first you don't succeed try, try again. That's what Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger did—they remarried after being divorced for seven years. Let's hope it takes this time.

Laraine Day, former wife of Leo Durocher, is now happy again since her marriage to Michael Grilikhas, a program exec for CBS-TV. They were wed in the beautiful Mormon Temple in West Los Angeles, and postponed the honeymoon until after our Oscar and Emmy shows. It's her third marriage, and his second.

Bob Hope made appearances at four different universities last month and loved it. When I asked him why, he said, "I'm in show business, and an actor has to keep acting or he goes stale. College audiences are as responsive as GIs." A year ago he appeared before 9,000 students at Southern [*Please turn the page*]

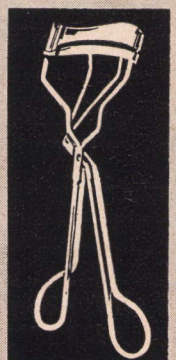
Singers, Inc.! Polly Bergen congratulates Judy Garland on winning a special Foreign Press Award.

Much-photoed Debbie Reynolds chats with camera-shy Jack Warner at Producers dinner for Adolf Zukor.

eye make-up alone does only half the job

Kurlash®

gives your lashes an alluring upsweep that ***doubles the beauty*** *of your present eye make-up*



THE ONLY EYELASH CURLER WITH AUTOMATIC REFILL $125

Hedda Hopper

Continued from page 5

Methodist University at Dallas. "They gave me such a good time that when I was invited back the next month, I went and told them that one day I was coming back to put on my TV show there." I made a $5.00 bet with Bob that *Alamo* would win the Best Picture Award; he picked *The Apartment*.

Nick Ray chose that fine American actor Jeffrey Hunter to portray Christ in *King Of Kings*. George Stevens went to Sweden to find an actor to play the same characterization for *Greatest Story Ever Told*. George selected Max von Sydow who starred in Ingmar Bergman's film *The Virgin Spring*.

Judy Garland's notices for her Texas visit couldn't have been more glowing if she'd written them herself. Dallas' Virgil Miers wrote: "Miss Garland sweeps you out of your seat when she sings *San Francisco*. After a 20th bow she was asked to repeat it and did." Judy took in $40,000 in two nights. It was a love affair in both Dallas and Houston. When I saw her in Hollywood, she was the same bubbly, bouncing girl I used to see at MGM. Yes, Judy came back with a bang and she's here to stay.

Sandra Dee went to New York with Bobby Darin after she finished U-I's *Tammy, Tell Me True*. She sat ringside nightly at the Copa surrounded by his friends, not hers. U-I wanted to set up interviews for her to help sell the film but Bobby said no. Sandra will have to make up her mind whether she wants to be an actress or a full-time wife—or she'll lose *Chalk Garden* to Hayley Mills and other good roles U-I has set up for her.

The court denied Dennis Crosby a new court action but did lower his payments from $100 a week to $80 for the child he supposedly fathered out of wedlock.

When Rory Calhoun married Lita Baron his friends said it would last six months. They're about the happiest couple in town. They were married eight years before they had their first child—now they have three. When they married, Lita gave up her career. She says being a wife is a full-time job. I say she's as bright as she is pretty.

Peculiar is my word for the situation in the Guy Madison marriage. After three children, Sheila wanted a divorce so she could resume her career. He refuses to give her a divorce. She thinks she has a career ahead of her and managed to persuade 20th to give her a test. I saw it and don't think she'll make it. Meantime, Guy is looking after the children. He's the most tolerant man I know—and Sheila had better think long and hard before she gives him up.

Kathy Crosby campaigned for her father, Delbert Grandstaff, who ran for U.S. Senate in Texas on the Democratic ticket. Bing helped, too—and he's a Republican. Bing has always donated money to the Republican cause, but I've never known him to campaign for any candidate.

Katy Jurado and Ernest Borgnine staged a reconciliation here, then went to Rome and had a knock down, drag 'em out fight. Poor Ernie. He was a beloved actor when he made *Marty*. The night he got his Oscar he started for the stage, ran back, kissed his wife, then went up to receive his award. That marriage ended when he made a picture with the sexy Mexican wildcat. Ernie divorced his wife, married Katy and they've been battling all over the map ever since.

Polly Bergen arrived from New York with husband Freddie Fields, their two children and a French poodle. They've rented Tyrone Power's old home. Polly's here for *Cape Fear* with Greg Peck. She hasn't made a picture in eight years. Polly said she misses her TV show *To Tell The Truth* because it's the only time she can truly be herself and say anything that pops into her head.

Vincente Minnelli's new wife Denise has taken the town by storm. Vincente used to lead the life of a recluse when directing a picture but now he not only goes to parties but gives 'em once or twice a week. His daughter Liza will spend part of the summer with them either here or in Europe.

Eleanor Powell gave up a weekly salary of $5,000 when she retired from the screen to become Mrs. Glenn Ford. She's resumed her career now and broke all records at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. She's been booked into the Huntington Hartford Theater here for a one-woman show. Ross Hunter saw her in Vegas and is looking for a picture in which to star her.

We hear Paul Newman wants the privilege of okaying his co-star in *Sweet Bird Of Youth* before he accepts the film. He may have outsmarted himself because I hear Elvis Presley is practically signed. Ava Gardner offered to take a salary cut to get the feminine lead. Newman and Geraldine Page did the Broadway play—but Presley and Gardner would be better box office.

There are many beautiful women in this town who are younger than Barbara Stanwyck, but she's the most envied and most beloved. At any function where she appears she receives the most applause and she deserves it.

I wonder why handsome Gardner McKay takes his big white woolly dog, Pussycat, everywhere he goes. Could it be to protect him from the girls?

Brigitte Bardot's friends predict she'll remarry her first husband Roger Vadim now that he and Annette Stroyberg are divorced.

Kim Novak and Richard Quine are very cozy again, but it may be just because he's directing the picture she's doing.

Tony Curtis and Gina Lollobrigida were put on salary January 5th even though *Lady L* didn't start till March 20th. Gina was amazed and said to me: "These MGM people must be very rich! I have never heard of any company paying money when we do not work to earn it."

[*Please turn to page 75*]

"I can't afford to be Skinny!"

Says Hollywood's Lovely
REBECCA WELLES

Featured in TV's top shows:

Juvenile Jungle—Checkmate—Untouchables

"Making a movie often means eating irregularly, even skipping meals. This not only drains you of energy but can make your figure too thin, unattractive. I can't afford to be skinny so during these hectic days of movie and television making, I often take Super Wate-On as a supplement with my meals. This golden liquid is super-saturated with easy-to-digest calories and other figure building elements to put weight on fast, besides energy factors we all need. You'll like taking New Super Wate-On because it tastes so good."

Rebecca Welles

Amazing New Scientific Discovery Quickly Fills Out Skinny Figures. No Pads, Exercise or Overeating.

Easy Weight Gains of 5-10-20 Pounds Reported By Thin Women, Men and Children Who Are Underweight Because of Poor Appetite Or Poor Eating Habits

Introduced at last is a new and different body building formula called SUPER WATE-ON. There's no fishy oils, no sugary mixtures. Yet taken as directed, results are amazing. Cheeks fill out, neck and bustline gain, pipestem arms and legs develop, hips and thighs take on new solid flesh, skinny and underweight figures fill out all over the body the same way. Best of all, with Super Wate-On you not only add pounds and inches of firm flesh fast but maintain it. And at the same time, New SUPER WATE-ON fights the fatigue, low resistance, poor endurance and sleepless nights that often accompany an underweight condition by helping you build amazing reserves of vitality and energy.

STARTS PUTTING ON WEIGHT FIRST DAY

This new golden liquid . . . so pleasant you enjoy taking it either "straight" or mixed in milk . . . is super-saturated with calories from NATURAL VEGETABLE sources. Super Wate-On is richly fortified with essential vitamins, minerals and other body building nutrients. With milk, each daily dosage supplies 1100 weight building calories. Most important, Super Wate-On is homogenized and emulsified so the normal system can readily use it to put on firm flesh all over your body. Helps build body tissue, aids digestion, builds red blood cells, gives quick energy.

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

Get New Super Wate-On from your druggist today. If the very first bottle doesn't satisfy, return to the store where purchased for money back. Don't be Skinny. Put on weight this pleasant, easy, fast way. If underweight is due to disease, take Wate-On under direction of your doctor.

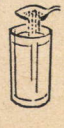
Always the Center of Attraction . . . AT THE BEACH . . . AT PARTIES

Ask for WATE-ON at Drug Stores

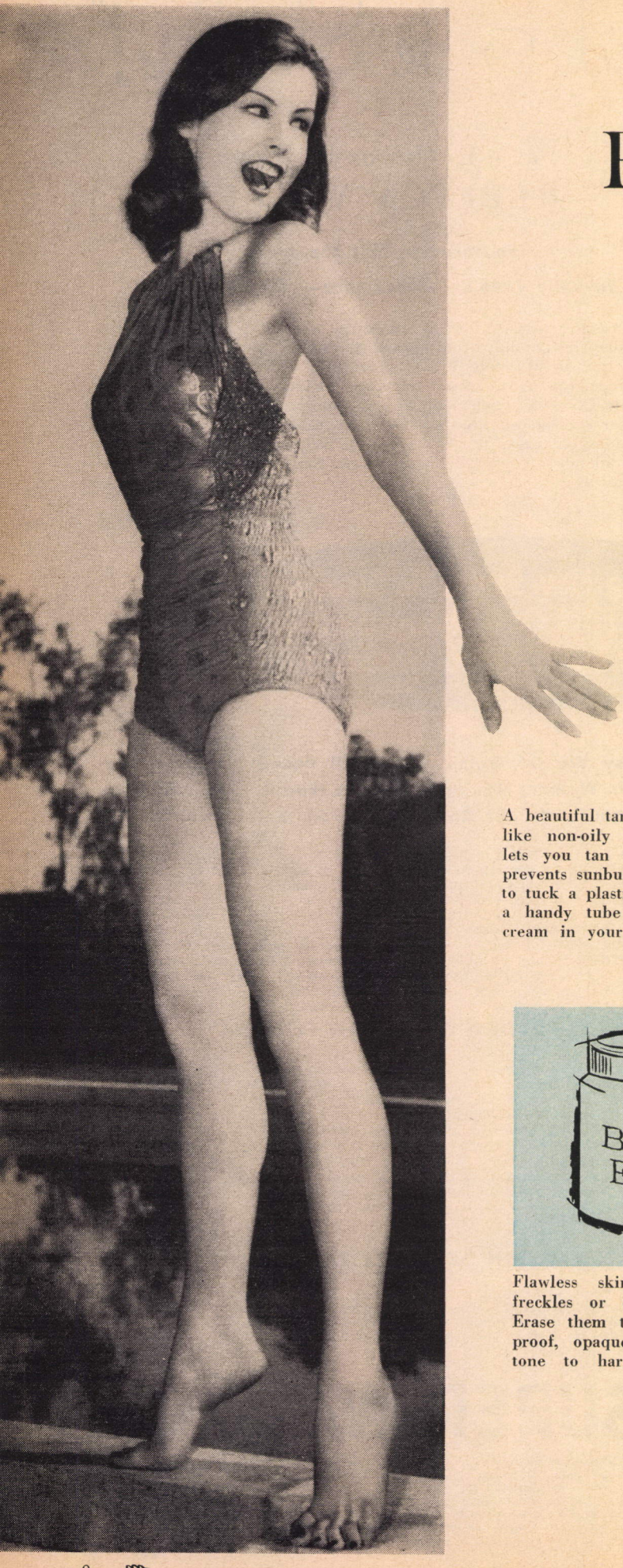
New Super Wate-On is now being introduced through drug stores for only $3.98. In short supply, if your dealer is out of stock, ask him to get it for you from his wholesaler.

REGULAR WATE-ON HOMOGENIZED EMULSION, WATE-ON TABLETS and WATE-ON TONIC are also all available at druggists. Don't be skinny! Start taking Wate-On today.

SUPER WATE-ON

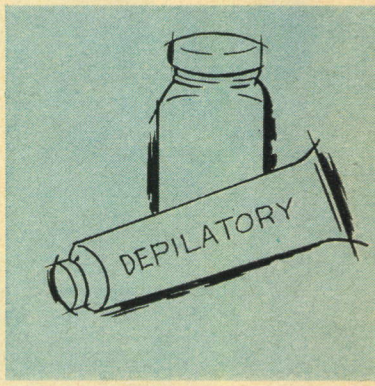


A NEW super-homogenized emulsion of natural fats from vegetable sources. Each daily dosage supplies 660 weight building calories taken by spoon, or 1100 calories when mixed in milk as recommended. Super fortified with blood building iron and Vitamin B_{12} plus body tissue building L-Lysine plus strengthening quick energy elements plus essential vitamins and minerals. Nothing in all the world can build more body weight faster than this amazing new all-in-one medicinal formula. Success from first bottle or money back.

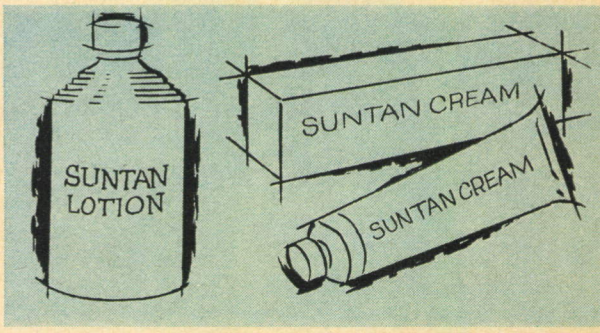


RECIPE FOR A

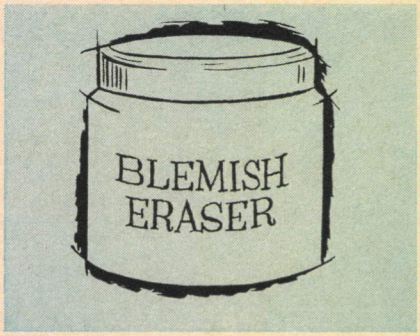
THERE ARE 10 INGREDIENTS. READ THEM! MEMORIZE THEM! USE THEM!



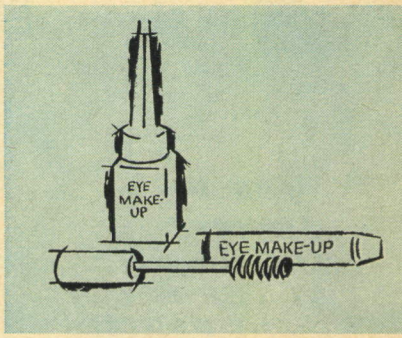
Smooth legs and neat underarms! Keep dainty by creaming away unwanted hair before you leave for the beach. Neet, in lotion or cream form, does a thorough job for you with little effort.



A beautiful tan! A lotion like non-oily Coppertone lets you tan evenly and prevents sunburn. Be sure to tuck a plastic bottle or a handy tube of suntan cream in your beach kit.



Flawless skin! Don't let blemishes, freckles or dark circles bother you. Erase them temporarily with a waterproof, opaque concealing cream in a tone to harmonize with your skin.



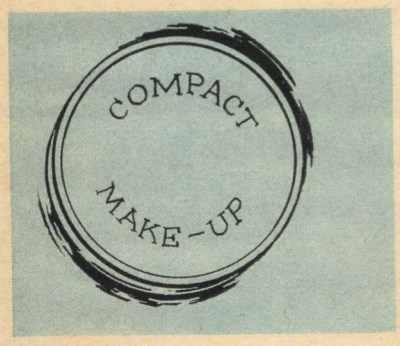
Eyes that speak of romance! His admiration is sure to show when he looks at your eyes accented with an eyeliner and easy-to-use *Magic Mascara* by Maybelline.

WELL-DONE BEAUTY

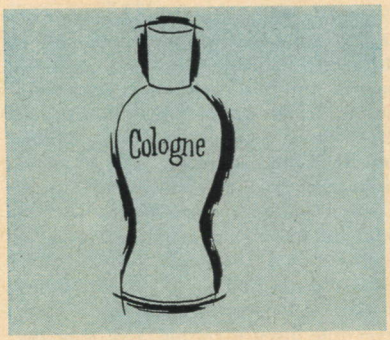
BY GRACE A. HUFNER

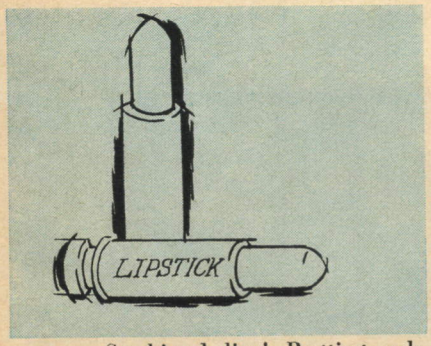
A velvety skin! The sun can rob your skin of moisture. To help replace it, use a moisturizer under your make-up. Carry a bottle of lotion like *Act of Beauty* wherever you may go.

A fascinating fragrance! All men are susceptible to gay and provocative *Christmas In July* cologne! Tuck the convenient spray container in your carryall and use it frequently on those summer days.

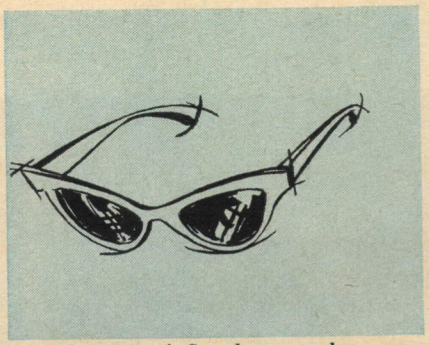


A heavenly complexion! What better friend can you have at a beach party, after a swim than *Party Puff*, the Westmore compact make-up for quick repairs! Keeps you cool 'n' pretty!





Sun-kissed lips! Prettiest gals on the beach will be wearing Max Factor's *California Sun Pastels*, made with new formula that gives sunlit glow without shine.



Air of mystery! Sunglasses make you a woman of intrigue, protect your eyes from the glare and help to keep away those unattractive squint lines that form around the eyes. Try a pair of them!

Hands he loves to hold! Always have a fresh manicure. Use a nail polish to harmonize with the color of your lipstick and also your bathing suit. Well-groomed hands are a big fashion "must."

Young Hollywood

by Rona Barrett

YOUNG HOLLYWOOD, USA . . . The only place in America where the explosion of verbiage is far greater than those nuclear tests made out in the desert or at Cape Canaveral!

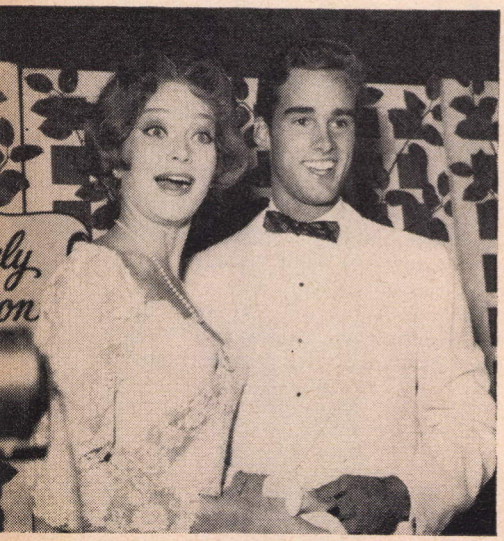
A STORYTALE . . . Once upon a time there was a boy with curly blond hair, a big smile and huge muscles who looked just like Terry of *Terry And The Pirates*—only his name was **DOUG McCLURE**. When Doug became a big boy he decided to become an actor. He also thought it would be nice to have a wife and maybe a baby. So, he got married to a girl from Hawaii named Fay and had a little girl named Tane. He got even luckier when NBC-TV signed him for their series, *Overland Trail*. But suddenly, London Bridge came falling down—and away went Fay, Tane and *Overland Trail*. Doug was lost, alone and broke. When it looked as if there were no hope in sight, from out of nowhere a vision appeared. She was a half-Philippino, half-Hungarian girl who called herself **BARBARA LUNA**. The days became rosier and suddenly Doug was in love again and suddenly there was a show called *Checkmate*. On the show he had a co-star, **TONY GEORGE**, a "helluva fella," who struggled many years before he became successful. A mutual admiration society was formed; everyone loved everyone. But, alas, the sun went behind a cloud, and rumors started that all was not well between Doug and Tony. So, Fairy Godmother waved her magic wand and went to Revue Studios. Was it true that Doug had told friends, "If you invite me to a party, make sure you don't invite Tony"? . . . And was it true that Tony had told *his* friends, "This kid's too good looking. I've got to find a way to keep his part small"?

"'Tisn't true," cried Tony. "Who could have said such a thing? I love Doug like a brother. I'd do anything for him. It was Barbara I didn't like. In the beginning, I thought she was too hip for Doug, but she's calmed down now and I like her a lot!"

Then Doug chimed in, "Tony is like an older brother. I'd do anything for him!"

So the Fairy Godmother left. On the way home a little birdie whispered, "There's a trouble-maker in the house and methinks it's Barbara! You see, it doesn't look as if Barb will marry Doug because all of a sudden he feels he doesn't want to be tied down. Why don't you look into the **NANCY KWAN** situation—she may be one of the real reasons Doug doesn't want to settle down with Barbara. And those rumors about Tony and Doug? Could Barbara have started them? She never liked Tony, and when a girl is out to snag a guy—if she's hip—she makes sure her field is clear of influential people."

Flabbergasted by what the little birdie said, the Fairy Godmother went home to ponder this state [*Please turn to page* 80]



Handsome newcomer Sean Flynn chats with his famed father's widow, Patrice Wymore.

Peter Falk (here with his wife) is newcomer to films but not to great performances.

Our Rona predicts big things for gorgeous Miss Letitia (*Pirates Of Tortuga*) Roman.

BULLETIN BOARD

By Mary Fiore

Marriages

March 7: Laraine Day and CBS-TV executive Mike Grilikhes were married in a three-hour ceremony in the Latter-Day Saints (Mormon) Temple in Hollywood. It was her third marriage; his second.

March 8: Singer Alan Dale wed Israeli beauty-contest winner Evelyn Feldman at the St. Regis Hotel in New York City.

March 11: Jane Wyman remarried Freddie Karger in a Catholic ceremony in Newport Beach, California. The couple had been married in 1952 and divorced in 1954.

March 16: Ginger Rogers married producer William Marshall at the First Methodist Church in North Hollywood. This was the fifth trip to the altar for Ginger, the second for Marshall.

March 17: Joan Plowright and Sir Laurence Olivier married in Wilton, Connecticut. They both were divorced last December 2nd in London when Olivier's wife, Vivien Leigh, divorced him on grounds of adultery, and Joan's husband, Roger Cage, divorced her on the same grounds.

March 20: Steve Cochran and Heddy Jonna Jensen were wed in Las Vegas, Nevada, after a three-month courtship. It was his second marriage. Her first.

Births

March 14: Mickey and Carlyn Callan welcomed their first child, a daughter Dawn Rachael, in Los Angeles.

March 16: Mrs. Richard Harmetz (MP's writer Aljean Meltsir), presented her husband with their first child, a son Anthony, in Los Angeles.

March 16: Mr. and Mrs. Stanford Perlman (she's MP's contributing editor Barbara Henderson) became the parents of their first child, a son John Stanford, in New York.

March 19: Gisele MacKenzie and husband Bob Shuttleworth welcomed their first child, a son MacKenzie Duffy, in Hollywood.

March 20: Mrs. Clark Gable gave birth to a son in Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital —the same hospital where Clark died of a heart attack last November 16. Kay named her late husband's only child John Clark.

Splits

March 2: Mala Powers and realtor Monte Vanton separated after six years of marriage. Hollywood friends predicted the couple, who have a 3-year-old son Toren, would reconcile.

March 14: Roger Vadim was divorced from his second wife, Annette Stroyberg, in Paris, France. They have a 4-year-old daughter. Vadim, who discovered Brigitte Bardot, then married and divorced her (to marry Annette), is rumored to be about to rewed Brigitte when she is divorced from her second husband, Jacques Charrier.

March 15: Patricia Beech Bennett started separation proceedings against singer Tony Bennett in New York. Bennett, who married her in 1952, didn't contest the proceedings but did balk at the support she asked ($600 a week) for her and their two sons, D'Andrea, 6, and Daegal, 4.

March 16: Henry Fonda and his 28-year-old fourth wife, Afdera Franchetti, announced in New York City that they had separated. Mrs. Fonda blamed her immaturity for the split, which she hoped was only temporary. They were married March 10, 1957.

March 22: Mrs. Philip Crosby consulted a Hollywood attorney about filing a separate maintenance suit against her husband. In San Francisco, Philip said he loved his wife and was "going to work things out." Married in 1958, they have a daughter Dixie Lee and a son Brian Patrick.

Court Actions

February 27: Beverly Aadland lost a $5,000,000 suit against the estate of the late Errol Flynn. Beverly had charged that Flynn had introduced her to an "immoral life of debauchery."

March 1: The Internal Revenue Service filed a tax lien for $52,000 in back income taxes against Rosemary Clooney.

Hospitalized

March 1: John Payne received two broken leg bones and deep scalp and facial cuts when he was struck by an automobile on Madison Avenue in New York City. Confined to the hospital for about seven weeks, Payne was assured by doctors that his injuries would leave no scars.

Deaths

March 13: Belinda Lee, 26, was killed in an auto accident in the California desert, 150 miles from Hollywood. Three other passengers in the car, including her fiancé, Italian movie director Gualtiero Jacopetti, were not too severely injured. Belinda was one of Britain's top money-making stars.

Married women are sharing this secret

. . . the new, easier, surer protection for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful *germicidal protection* Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that *guards* (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms' *deodorant protection* has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms *eliminate* (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

And what *convenience!* These small feminine suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Now available in new packages of 6, as well as 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

Tested by doctors . . .
trusted by women . . .
proved in hospital clinics

FREE *informative Norforms booklet*

Just mail this coupon to Dept. MP-16
Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

Today You Can't Buy A Finer Deodorant At Any Price!

Yet this jumbo "use tested" stick costs only 29¢ plus tax

Think of all the qualities you want in a deodorant. It should stop perspiration odor instantly, and protect all day long. Yet it must be absolutely safe, harmless to skin. Greaseless, harmless to clothes. Delicately fragrant.

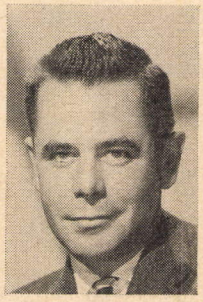
Must you pay a high price for all this? Not today! Not when Lander sells so many millions that they can offer an oversize supply in a plastic push-up holder, at a mere 29c!

LANDER
CHLOROPHYLL
DEODORANTS

...and only 39c for the lotion **ROLL-ON** style that stops perspiration worries.

Match the Mothers

M is for the Merry Month of May and Mother's Day. To test your skill—and have some "family" fun—see if you can match the mothers (above) of the eight stars (below). You'll find the answers on page 66. If you guess them all, consider yourself an expert Mother-Matcher. If you guess wrong, you'll have a chance to better your score next month when we ask you to Find the Fathers.

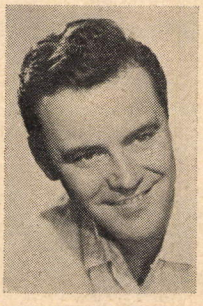


GLENN FORD

MICKEY ROONEY

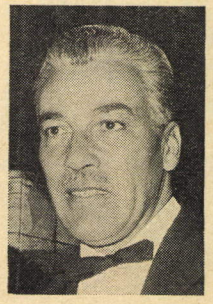
GARY COOPER

TONY CURTIS



JACK LEMMON

DORIS DAY

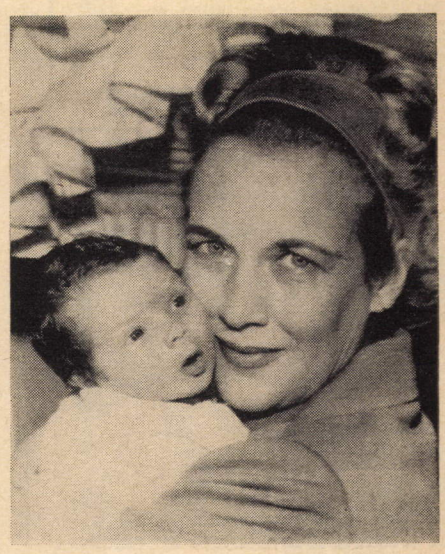


CESAR ROMERO

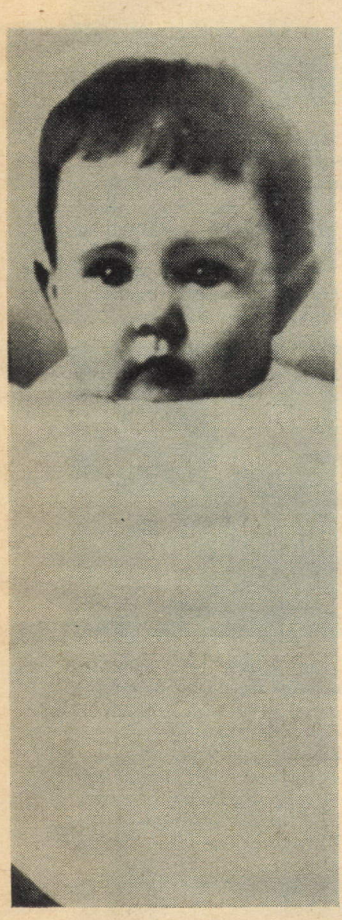
DEAN MARTIN

CLARK GABLE'S SON IS BORN!

Dr. Richard Clark, still attired in mask and gown, came from delivery room after performing Caesarean section on Kay Gable to tell reporters that boy was born.



Kay happily held John Clark Gable up for his camera debut; earlier, she lamented fact that his famous dad wasn't there to see the event.



Early picture of Clark Gable bears remarkable resemblance to his new son, born just four months after Clark's death.

John Clark Gable came lustily screaming into the world at seven forty-eight a.m. on Monday, March 20th, 1961.

That was the time John was scheduled to arrive. So, just like his always punctual father, he did. And like his old man, he was very male, and quite tall and long in the limb. But in one fortunate respect, John took after his mother—he has her delicate ears.

Son of the king of the entertainment world, this young prince was just what romantics everywhere wanted him to be. He weighed exactly eight pounds, and had Clark's huge eyes. He first opened those eyes in the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital, the same one in which Clark closed his in death just four months and three days previously.

John's background is the stuff of which heroes are made, real or make-believe, his father having been both—in war and on screen. And even though John was born a fatherless child, he'll be able to know his father through the wonderful heritage of friends and movies Clark left behind. If John sees Clark in nothing but *Gone With the Wind,* he will be able to see what a terrific old man he had. But there is so much more he will inherit—the terrific wealth of true affection that surrounded Gable wherever he went. It didn't matter whether you were a hunting guide or a prop man, Dwight D. Eisenhower or Princess Grace of Monaco, everybody worshiped Johnny's father.

John's mom is equally loved—particularly for the way she has borne up during the last difficult months of her pregnancy. It is dreadful for any woman to be widowed. But for a woman to face such tragedy in her forties, while pregnant with the child that was the one thing life [*Please turn to page* 78]

Ladies: SLIM your appearance . . relieve your BACKSTRAIN!

with new Non-Slip

NEL-KING

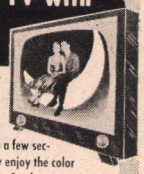
Pat. Pend.

Princess Beauty Belt

Strictly for the ladies! New Princess Beauty Belt relieves strain on tired back muscles—buoys you up firmly yet gently—gives you that welcome "rested" feeling that lets you work or play without nagging, energy-robbing discomfort. Appear inches slimmer without that heavy "corseted" look. Delicately feminine in style. Weighs just 4 ounces—hugs your hips like the skin itself. Adjusts in seconds. Foam rubber back pad for extra-gentle support. Only $4.98 postpaid. Give hip measure. Removable long garter attachments available —50c for set of 4. Money-back guarantee if returned within 30 days postpaid. Hip sizes 46-50, $1.00 extra.

NEL-KING Products, Inc. Dept. MP-61L
811 Wyandotte St., Kansas City 5, Mo.

NOW... ADD THRILLING COLORS to Black and White TV with COLOR-V



NOW you can see everything on your own TV set in wonderful color. Sensational COLOR-V filter screen fits right over your TV glass...instantly changes dull dreary black and white pictures to brilliant, eye-filling colors. Attach it yourself in a few seconds. You, your family, your friends will really enjoy the color effects. **Mention screen size when ordering.** Send no money. Pay postman $2.98 plus C.O.D. and postage charges, or remit with order, we will ship COLOR-V postpaid. **Only $2.98**

SUPERIOR PRODUCTS, Dept. WF-1
34 EAST 12th ST., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

INSTANT GLAMOUR WITH A HUMAN HAIR PIECE

Eyelashes $2.98 per pair
Mixed Grey, Plat. and Aub. $3.25 extra
Fine quality human hair, sample color match guar.
Send generous sample, check or M.O., no COD's.
COMPLETE LINE OF WIGS & HAIR GOODS
FASHION HAIR PRODUCTS
DEPT. MP-6, 175 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

WALLET SIZE COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

We copy and faithfully reproduce your favorite color picture. Any oil painting, tinted photograph, watercolor, color print or your child's work of art can be made into beautiful color photographs, to carry in wallet or purse. Give them to the grandparents, too.

12 for $2.50, 24 for $3.75

COLOR OF PARIS, PARIS, ARK.
Ret. Postage Pd.

FREE CATALOG

The following catalogs are free to the readers of MOTION PICTURE. When you write, be sure to mention MOTION PICTURE and the free catalog will be sent promptly.

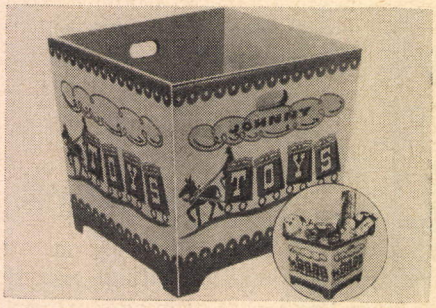
Wayne Silversmiths, 546 So. Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.
Greenland Studios, 3735 N. W. 67th St., Miami 47, Fla.
John Surrey, Ltd., 11 West 32nd St., New York 1, N. Y.
L & M Co., 415 No. 8th St., St. Louis 1, Mo.

STAR BUYS BY MAIL

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.

4 PIECE MATCHED SET OF LUGGAGE is made of pressed chipboard. Each piece fits inside the next larger for more compact storage space. There's an 8" vanity case, a 10" personal valet, a 12" overnight case and a 14" family case. Complete price for all 4 matched pieces is $2.98 plus 63¢ shipping. Honor House Products, Dept. VC-95, Lynbrook, N. Y.

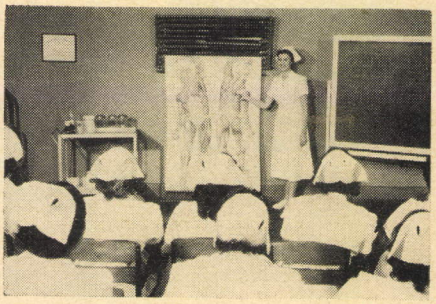
AN ACRE OF YOUR OWN near U.S. Route 66. Only 39 miles from Albuquerque, N. M., America's 7th fastest growing city. Climate is unequaled. In a "health resort" area where property values are said to be soaring, this full acre costs only $395 complete, $10 down, $10 a month. For information write to Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes, Dept. N-49, 2316 Central S.E., Albuquerque, N. M.



PERSONALIZED TOY CHEST. Your child's own name stencilled on the Toy Boy helps develop tidiness. Sturdily constructed of heavy-ply "Roughest Fiberstock" for years of tough use. In big 12½x15x15¼ inch size, and gaily adorned in decorator colors. Be sure to include child's name when ordering. $2 each; 3 for $5. House of Ideas, Box 6435-MP, Philadelphia 45, Pa.

STICK-A-BOOS are "elfish" pin cushions complete with pull-out tape measure. Each character is as cute as a pin. Colorfully dressed in felt, with gay detail over spongy, but firm cushioning, they are a practical sewing accessory or dresser novelty. Handy tape measure pulls out and self-winds instantly. Gift-boxed, $1.25. Florida Imports, Dept. MP, Buckman Bldg., Jacksonville 2, Fla.

YOU NEVER HAVE TO BUY FILM AGAIN. Send your roll of Kodacolor or B&W to be developed and printed (120-620-127). It will be returned to you with a new roll of same size Kodak film with your pictures. B&W, 8-Exp. roll, 80¢; 12-Exp. roll, 95¢. Kodacolor, 8-Exp. roll, $2.98; 12-Exp., $3.48. Mail film to Jumbo Prints, Dept. 62, Box 399, New Haven, Conn.

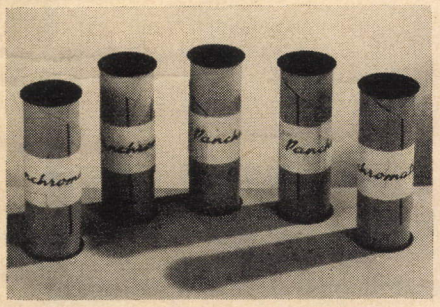


PRACTICAL NURSING can be learned at home in 10 weeks. You'll gain security and freedom from money worries. There are no age limits or high-school requirements. Within a few weeks, you should be able to accept your first case. You get a free sample lesson and nursing booklet by writing to Post Graduate School of Nursing, Room 61M, 131 South Wabash, Chicago, Ill.

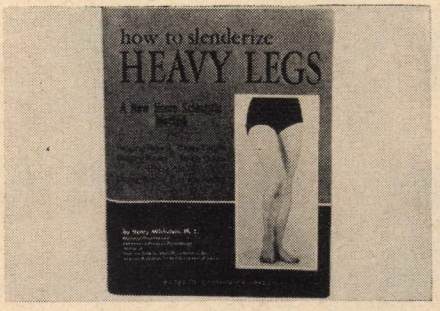
STAR BUYS BY MAIL

SEARCH FOR RARE COINS. Stop spending pocket change which may be worth hundreds of dollars. New, large illustrated catalog lists actual price which will be paid for all U.S. coins. Certain Half-Cent Canadian coins are worth up to $3,500. Send $1 for coin book, and it may reward you many thousands of dollars. Best Values Co., Dept. 49, 403 Market St., Newark, N. J.

GENUINE CULTURED PEARL RING for your finger could be a treasured Victorian heirloom or an excellent copy of a serpentine antique. Made of gold filled metal, this copy, adjustable to any finger, is set with a large cultured pearl and a beautifully faceted rhinestone. Comes gifted to you in a clear plastic box. $2. Majestic Gifts, Dept. MP, 1158 Ashley Dr., Valley Stream, N. Y.



5 ROLLS of guaranteed fresh black and white film for only $1.00. To introduce you to their film processing service, Envoy Photo is making this offer. Buy as many as you want. Money refunded if not completely satisfied. Only sizes 120, 620 and 127 available; please specify when ordering. Envoy Photo, Dept. 39-A, Box 121, Bath Beach Station, Brooklyn 14, N. Y.



HEAVY LEGS can be made slender. This excellent book on the subject gives easy-to-follow, detailed instructions. 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your home, may bring slimmer curves to your hips, thighs, knees, calves, and ankles. New home-scientific method is completely described and is yours for $1.98 postpaid. Modern Methods, Dept. FW-61, 296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

HOW CAN YOU DEVELOP a more dramatic figure? Many recent experiments are said to have produced almost miraculous results by combining Oil of Mink with Royal Bee Jelly. Now this unique combination is available in Mink Royale Creme for bust and thin legs. Harmless. 4 ounce jar is $5.00. Order from Marshall Drug Remedies, Dept. MP-6, Box 188, Forest Hills 75, N. Y.

FREE! Amazing New VITAMINS FOR FOLKS OVER 50!

Full 30 days Supply

New, safe scientific formula of high potency vitamins and minerals formulated specifically for folks over 50. No obligation to buy anything. Try at our risk to discover how it may help you enjoy healthier, happier living . . . free you from fatigue and worry . . . make you feel younger, peppier, more energetic. Send today for FREE 30-day supply of amazing OVER-FIFTY®Capsulets and full information about amazing new OVER-FIFTY PLAN. Enclose 10c to help cover handling costs. Write Dept. 1853, Geriatric Pharmaceuticals, Inc., 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

FATHER'S DAY SPECIAL!

Baby's First Shoes BRONZE PLATED IN SOLID METAL

Only $3.99 a pair

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Limited time only! Baby's precious shoes gorgeously plated in SOLID METAL for only $3.99 a pair. Don't confuse this offer of genuine lifetime BRONZE-PLATING with painted imitations. 100% Money-back guarantee. Also all-metal Portrait Stands (shown above), ashtrays, bookends, TV lamps at great savings. Thrillingly beautiful. The perfect Gift for Dad or Grandparents. SEND NO MONEY! Rush name, address today for full details, money-saving certificate, handy mailing sack. Write NOW!

AMERICAN BRONZING CO., Box 6504-W, Bexley, Ohio

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Destroy unwanted hair PERMANENTLY. Use conveniently at home. When you have read our instruction book carefully and learned to use the new Mahler Epilator safely and efficiently, then you can remove unwanted hair FOREVER. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE (Our 76th Year).

SEND 5¢ TODAY FOR BOOKLET

"NEW BEAUTY FOR YOU"

MAHLER'S, INC., Dept. 561H, PROVIDENCE 15, R. I.

FREE BIG 5"x7" ENLARGEMENT WITH ORDER

25 WALLET PHOTOS $1.00 PLUS 25¢ HANDLING

2½"x3½" genuine photos made on silk finish studio paper. Send photo or snapshot neg. today. 25 for $1.25 plus FREE 5"x7" enlargement. (60 for $2.25). Money back guaranteed.

ROY PHOTO SERVICE • Dept. D6, GPO Box 644, N.Y.1, N.Y.

"SWINGINGEST" WAY TO SAVE!

JUKE BOX BANK

ACTUALLY PLAYS MUSIC

- Full-Color Miniature Juke Box That Really Plays
- Takes Pennies, Nickels, Dimes and Quarters
- Fool-Proof Mechanism—Requires No Batteries
- All-Metal Construction—Built to Last

All for only $1.98 ppd.

Who said saving money is no fun? Now, with this amazing new JUKE BOX BANK, you'll save every coin you can get your hands on. Your friends and relatives will add to your savings, too. Because *everyone* wants to hear this tiny juke box play over and over again. It's just like a full-size juke box in every detail. You just drop in any size coin, from a penny on up to a quarter. Instantly, a tiny record starts to spin . . . and out comes the music. What's more, it's completely mechanical . . . requires no batteries or electricity. Built of sturdy metal to last for years. Order your JUKE BOX BANK today . . . only $1.98, send check, cash or money order, we pay postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

MEDFORD PRODUCTS, Dept. FWG6, P.O. Box 39, Bethpage, N. Y.

EXCLUSIVE TO MOTION PICTURE

Judi and Bob Westbrook eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, on December 11, 1960.

FOR THE SAKE OF MY UNBORN CHILDREN, I MUST DEFEND MYSELF!

Less than three months later, Judi was faced with a court action to annul her marriage to Bob, tearfully broke down.

BY JUDI MEREDITH
as told to Lou Larkin

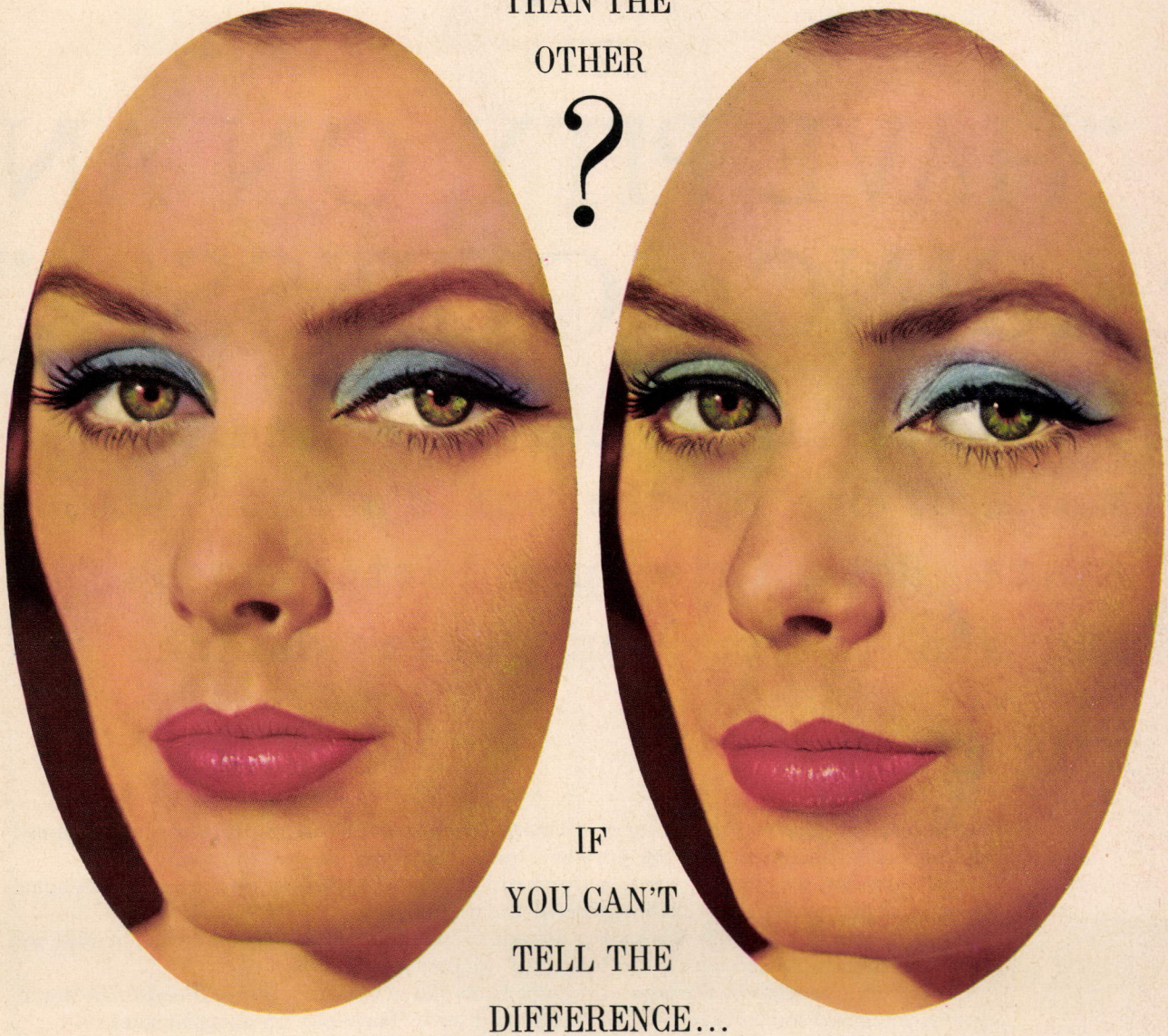
I am living in the middle of a nightmare. A nightmare that began like a lovely dream.

I married Robert Machris Westbrook in Las Vegas, on December 11, 1960.

I cannot tell you how happy we were during the first few weeks of our marriage. We were so happy that Bob and I decided to have a real church wedding in my faith, Catholicism. The ceremony was to be performed in Portland, Oregon, on February 20, 1961, by Archbishop John D. Howard. But that lovely moment I expected to share with Bob never came. I never heard the sweet voice of the flower girl, nor helped my maid of honor with a last minute stitch in her gown. I never shopped for gifts for my bridesmaids, nor felt the sacredness of that instant when my husband and I were pronounced man and wife by Archbishop Howard.

No, I never shared those moments because four days after the plans for the wedding were completed, my husband walked into the Superior Court of Los Angeles and charged that I, Judi Meredith, [*Please turn to page* 67]

WHICH MAKE-UP COSTS 5 TIMES MORE THAN THE OTHER ?



IF YOU CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE...

WHY PAY THE DIFFERENCE!

Same girl. Same beauty. Different make-ups. In one photo she's wearing a costly brand of cosmetics. In the other she's wearing Westmore. If you can't tell which is which, neither will others. So, why spend as much as 5 times more for beauty when famous Westmore gives you what you expect to find *only* in costly cosmetics—the latest in beauty-fashion's make-up shades...special skin conditioning formulae... even moisturized lipsticks. Look at the two photographs, again. Can you tell a beauty difference? Then why pay the price difference? Now enjoy more beauty for less.

Westmore Moisturized Lipstick	*29¢ and 79¢*
Westmore Tru-Glo Liquid Make-up	*39¢*
Westmore Eye Shadow Stick	*39¢*
Westmore Eye Pencil	*29¢*
Westmore Cream Mascara	*59¢*
Westmore Face Powder	*39¢*
Westmore Dry Rouge	*33¢*

All prices plus tax
Slightly higher in Canada

westmore®

HOUSE OF WESTMORE, INC., NEW YORK • MONTREAL

"HAVE PITY ON AN AGING ACTRESS..."

These startling words came from the mouth of one of the world's most famous stars. Read this open letter to her and see if you can guess who she is!

DEAR MISS X:

Not long ago, during the filming of a remarkable motion picture, the director was obviously and seriously concerned with the problems he was having with you, the star.

Your director, let's face it, was a perfectionist—the kind who demands the last tear of talent an actor or actress has to give. He will settle for nothing less.

It was apparent then that this particular side of his character was red hot when he told you he was not at all pleased with your "takes" of the past few days.

Outwardly unruffled by the admonishment from one of the finest movie directors in the industry, you gazed soulfully into his stern eyes and said, "Have pity on an aging actress."

It came as a shock to me, Miss X, that you, of all people, would utter such words.

I had barely recovered from the impact of that incredible statement when I picked up the papers and read that you were in a hospital.

When you left the hospital four weeks later, you were smiling brightly. It was the first time I had seen you smile in years. The last smile I saw on your face was at a party of yours. It was a great party—I got crocked on your Scotch.

When I got home, my wife, instead of growling, laughed and helped me out of the taxi. "Thank heavens," she said, "I'd just about given up hope of ever seeing you plastered." My wife also added that she was going to drop you a line to tell you how grateful she was, because I was the funniest sight she'd seen in years.

Anyhow, after reading of your illness, I suddenly realized that since the party you had been through a half dozen unhappy experiences which obviously weighed heavily on your mind. So I thought a letter like this might help you.

Maybe it's presumptious of me! Maybe I'll be criticized! Maybe—in the end—it won't be any help. Nonetheless, I'm writing you because I have the means, the motive and the opportunity.

[*Please turn to page* 72]

Keepsake®

DIAMOND RINGS

The Perfect Symbol for the Love You Share...

Just think . . . today a new life begins for both of you . . . one that will last forevermore. You have such a wonderful beginning . . . and now you dream of the years ahead, filled with love as enduring as the diamond ring which symbolizes vows you've made.

You chose Keepsake because only a perfect diamond can reflect full brilliance and beauty. This is a rare gem of flawless clarity, fine gem color and meticulous modern cut . . . found always in the center diamond of every Keepsake engagement ring.

The Keepsake Certificate, signed by your jeweler, gives written proof of perfect quality. It also gives protection against loss of diamonds, plus trade-in privilege toward a larger Keepsake.

Caution: Only an authorized Keepsake Jeweler (listed in the yellow pages) can offer you the guaranteed protection of Keepsake Diamond Rings. Choose from many lovely Keepsake styles, each with the name "Keepsake" in the ring and on the tag.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Rings from left to right: SIMS Ring $750. Wedding Ring 87.50 — MURRAY Ring $400. Also 200 to 750. Wedding Ring 25. — ARION Ring $300. Wedding Ring 75. — HOLLINS Ring $150. Wedding Ring 75. All rings available in yellow or white gold. Prices include Federal tax. Rings enlarged to show details. ®Trade-Mark registered.

KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS, SYRACUSE 2, N. Y. Mp 6-61

Please send new 16-pg. booklet on planning engagements and weddings, with advice on wedding attire, etc.; and booklet on ring selection. Also include name of nearest Keepsake Jeweler and offer of beautiful "Bride's Keepsake Book" ($5 value for $1.50). I enclose 10c.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Co._____ State_____

A. H. POND CO., INC., PRODUCERS OF KEEPSAKE AND STARFIRE DIAMOND RINGS

Kotex is confidence
You'll welcome the newest Kotex napkins. They have a much softer
covering for greater comfort, pleated ends for a smoother fit, also a new inner shield
which provides lasting protection in all 3 absorbencies.
Kotex NAPKINS
REGULAR
Kotex NAPKINS
JUNIOR
Kotex NAPKINS
SUPER
KOTEX is a trademark of Kimberly-Clark Corporation

LOVE CAN BE A TERRIBLE THING...

This is the story of a girl who lived a fairy-tale existence with no problems until she decided to put childish things behind her and get married. Today, as a married woman of five months, her life has become a torment because the three people she loves most—and who love her most—have put her in an impossible position.

Who are these three people and what is their relationship to Sandra Dee?

It all started at four a.m. on a cold Friday morning last December 2nd, when Judge Samuel Lohman pronounced Sandra Dee the wife of Bobby Darin. For Bobby, that moment was one he had dreamed of all his life. Now, it had become reality. As he kissed his young bride gently on the lips, he held her tightly for a moment and his mind raced. The long search was over. At last, he had found the girl he could love; the girl who would love him back. And now she was his own.

Love was the most sacred of all the rules set down in Bobby's little black book of life. "You can cheat here and there on things that don't mean that much to you, but the woman you love and make the mother of your children is someone you never disregard or take for granted!"

Almost from the moment he met Sandy in Rome, Bobby knew that she was the girl for him, but it took him some time to convince Sandy that he was the guy for her. Bobby formulated a well-calculated plan which, with the unsuspecting help of Sandy's mother, Mary Douvan, he slowly but surely executed. As Sandy slowly succumbed, they sat for hours and hours discussing everything. Actually, it was Bobby who did most of the talking and Sandy just sat there listening to his thoughts on love, politics, religion, their future, etc.

As Bobby told her all about the hardships of her career, Sandy nodded her head. If she didn't quite understand all of it at that moment, she didn't let Bobby know. She

(please turn the page)

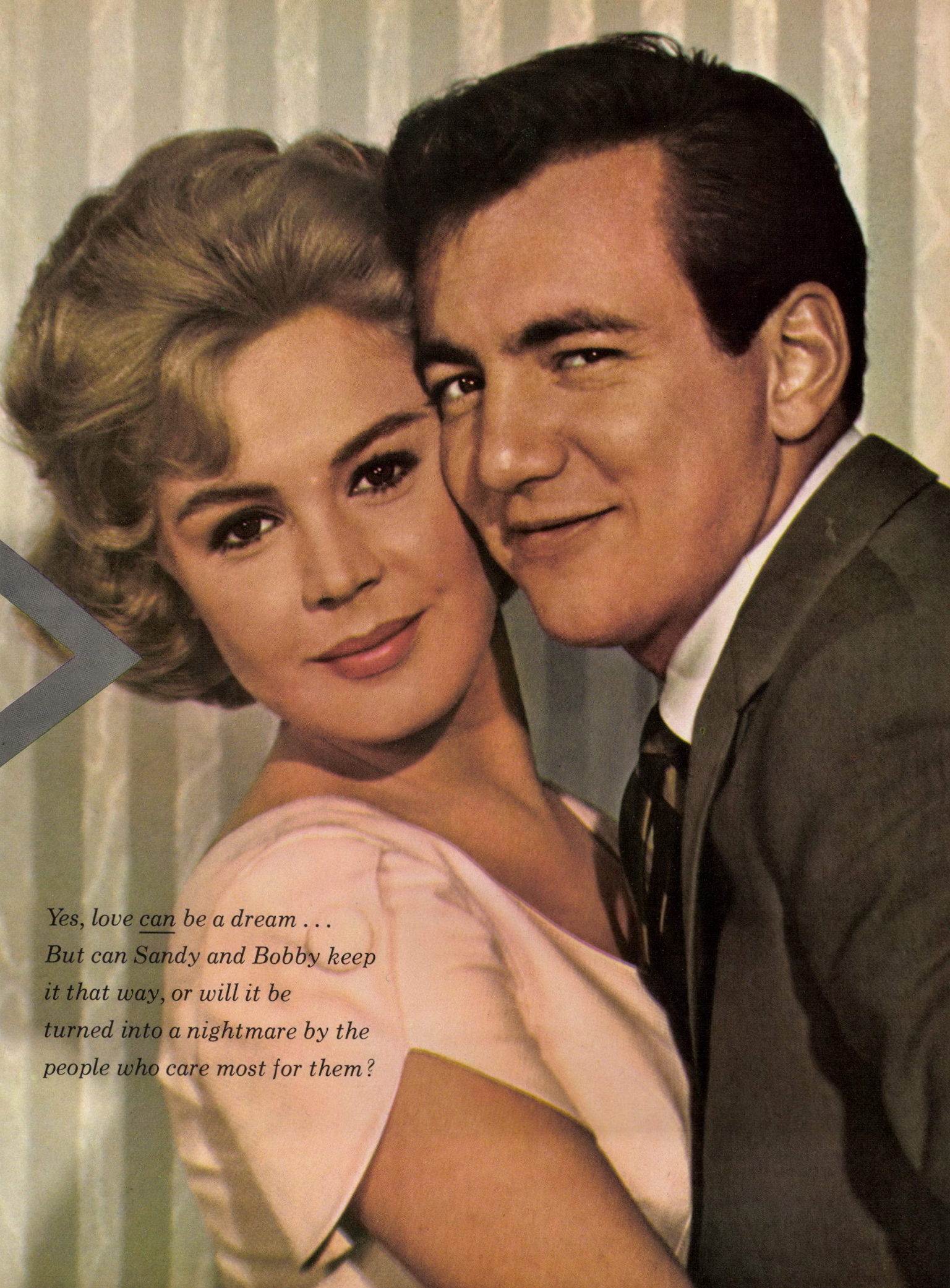
LOVE CAN BE A DREAM

figured there was still time to work everything out properly. There was only one thing that bothered her. Where did she, Sandra Dee, fit into Bobby's scheme? She was relatively inexperienced where romance was concerned, and all she really knew about the magical word "love" was from scripts that she had worked with. It wasn't much of a background, but it was enough for her to know that there was no substitution in the world for love. She knew that no matter how much she thought she wanted a career, she wanted a man to love her even more—someone who'd be a father, brother, husband, friend and lover all rolled into one. It was important to have someone all her own. She'd never really had a close friend to whom she could confide things. There was only her mother—Mary Douvan—a pert, chic young woman whose greatest ambition was to make sure her daughter got everything she never had!

Mary Douvan, Sandra's pretty mother, did not attend the wedding of Sandy and Bobby Darin. She approved of Bobby but felt betrayed by the elopement.

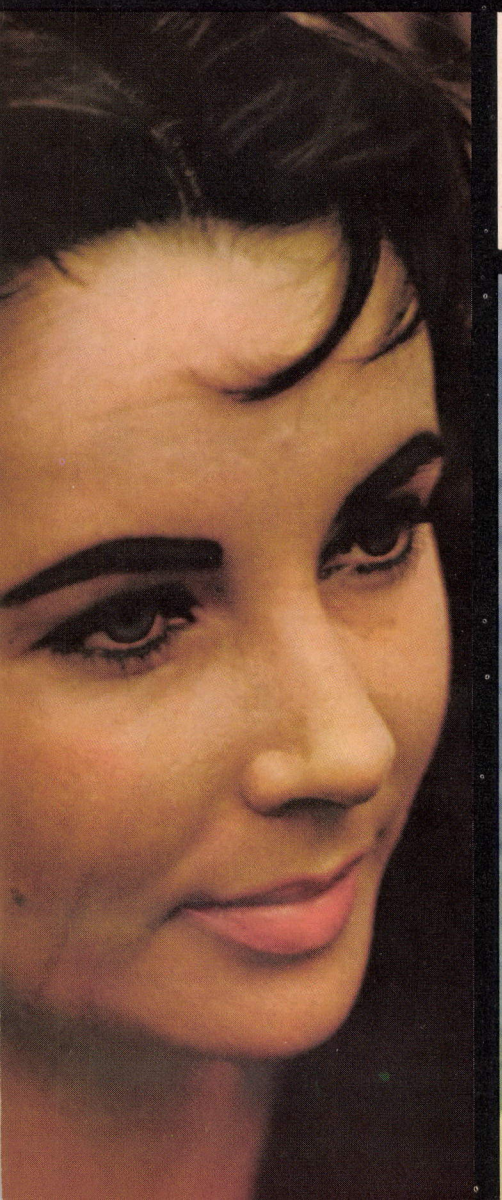
Producer Ross Hunter discovered Sandy, has guided her career at studio and been a friend as well. Sandy feels torn between loyalty to him and her responsibility to her husband.

No, there was no reason to ask Bobby about her career. But as they talked one evening, Bobby told her where she fitted into his plans. "You know, Sandy, to me there's no one like you," he said. "You're the only young actress in my world, and I want it to be just that way. If you want to work after we're married, you can—even if we have kids. But you've got to promise me that they won't be raised entirely [*Please turn to page* 73]



Yes, love can be a dream . . .
But can Sandy and Bobby keep
it that way, or will it be
turned into a nightmare by the
people who care most for them?

Though one of the world's most beautiful women, Liz has faced an untold amount of sickness and heartache.



14 UNFORGETTABLE PAGES ON ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Imagine you are Liz Taylor—Star . . . Actress . . . Woman.

Suddenly your sweet dream of warmth and innocence and love turns into a horrible nightmare.

Your fans betray you.

Crowds greet you with hostility.

You are in a hospital—badly crippled, desperately ill, gasping for breath, barely hanging on to life.

The one person you love most in the world dies.

You change your religion in a desperate bid for peace.

You are very beautiful—but you are alone, bereaved by the death of your loved one, vilified by those who once worshipped you, stripped of health.

Your beauty seems more a curse than a blessing for it seems to bring you [*Please turn the page*]

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

THE TORMENT OF A WOMAN

only heartache and emptiness.

But with everything that has happened, the most horrifying of all is the blinking eye that seeks you out wherever you go. It pursues you on the street, it follows you into stores and restaurants, it breaks into your home. You shut your own eyes tight to keep the horrible eye out, but *there it is!*—penetrating your mind, invading your heart, taking power over your soul.

You dream a nightmare and awake. A flick of a switch and light floods into your bedroom. The eye is gone. Your torment is over. With light—and with the coming of the day—the nightmare fades and soon it is a vague, uneasy memory.

Yet, suppose—just suppose—that you can not wake up, that your nightmare goes on and on and on. Even if you do wake up, the horrible blinking eye is still there. Awake or asleep, your agony never stops, your torment never ceases.

If you can imagine this—day and night blurring together into one continual nightmare—then you know what it's like to be Liz Taylor. Each episode in the nightmare differs slightly from the others, but the overall pattern is always the same. Nothing new ever happens—just endless variations on torment and pain.

Liz Taylor's recent near-fatal bout with double pneumonia, complicated by anemia, is just such a dramatic variation on an old theme. She's had double pneumonia before (she's been plagued by respiratory diseases since she was a child; in fact, her marriage to Nicky Hilton was almost postponed because she [*Please turn to page* 28]

Hospitals are nothing new to Liz. Her latest bout with pneumonia almost killed her; at one point, her doctors gave her one hour to live.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR WHEN LIFE WAS INNOCENCE

was suffering from a throat infection), and this is far from being her first brush with death. But it was the most serious.

Let's go back and relive the scene as if it were happening today. The London Clinic, the 200-year-old hospital where doctors are waging a superhuman fight to save her life, is exactly the same place where she was bedridden with meningism (a virus inflammation of the membranes of the brain) just a few months ago.

Her personal physician, Dr. Carl Heinz Goldman, is the same doctor who cared for her before. The other physicians are—Lord Evans, physician to the Queen; Dr. Terence Cawthorne, surgeon; Dr. Joseph Smart, Dr. Middleton Price, anesthetist; and Dr. V. C. Rattner—but behind their gauze masks, their features are indistinguishable from the faces of the numerous other medical men who have hovered over her so often in the past.

The people outside in the hall—those who worry and wait and pray—are easily identifiable. Eddie Fisher, her husband, who has paced hospital corridors helplessly on numerous occasions in the two years of their marriage. Just as Mike Todd had paced hospital halls before him. And before that, Mike Wilding.

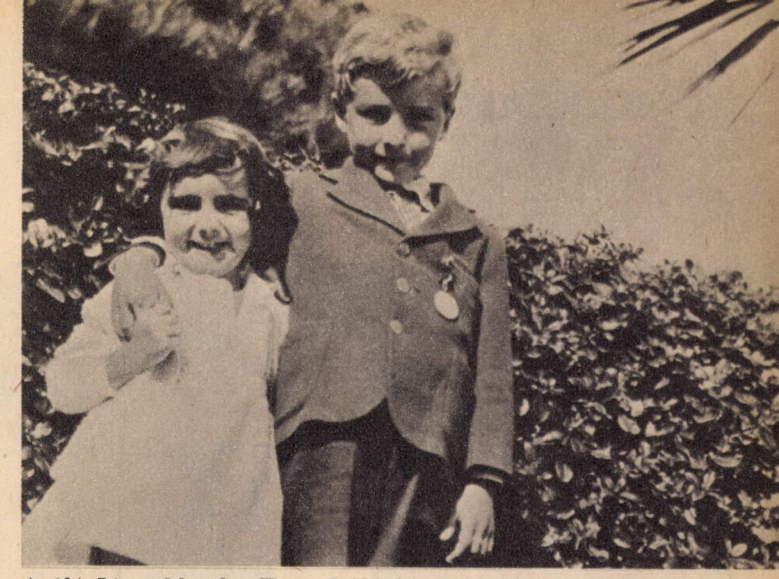
Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Taylor; her friend, John Wayne; Eddie's agent, Milton Blackstone; producer Joseph Mankiewicz; Liz' press secretary, Suzanne Cardozo; director Rouben Mamoulian; actress-model Bettina; and secretary Dick Hanley—all well-known, easily [*Please turn to page* 31]

When Liz was born in London, February 27, 1932, friends thought her a "funny looking baby." Mom Sara disagreed.

Visiting zoo at age 4, Liz met friendly chimp, decided that she loved animals, a decision which affected her life later.

To learn practical side of life when she was in high school, Liz' mother sent her to cannery for a course in home-canning.

At 2, the now-famous Taylor features were already noticeable, and she jaunted around the world with her parents.



At 3½, Liz and brother Howard, 5½, had lived down friends' taunts that she should have been the boy and he the girl.

At 9, Liz signed movie contract with MGM, had made *Lassie Come Home* and was attending school on the studio lot.

Her love of animals was a highlight of Liz' youth. Because she loved horses so much, she got lead in *National Velvet*.

Trip to New York with her mother and father was topped off by an evening at posh Stork Club, a first in her young life.

Marshall Thompson probably was the most serious puppy-love in Liz' early teens. Their dates garnered much publicity.

ELIZABETH

TAYLOR

The Pleasure Of Stardom:

YOU HAD YOUR CAKE,

After making many films, Liz hit the big time with *Raintree County* (at left), *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* (at right), got Oscar nominations for both.

With her last two films, *Suddenly Last Summer* (left) and *Butterfield 8* (right), Liz showed up as a major actress, once again she got Oscar bids.

recognized people, yet all shadows and ghosts of those countless other friends, co-workers and confidantes who have stood vigil by Liz Taylor's bedside in the past.

Outside on the street stands the crowd. Anonymous men, unknown women, ordinary youngsters, who are united, by concern for Liz Taylor, with all those other thousands of men, women and children who have adored and hated, cheered and vilified, prayed for and cursed her ever since she first burst upon the silver screen in *National Velvet*.

Liz Taylor herself? The details of this scene are different, but the general outlines are most familiar. A white hospital bed, clean, antiseptic. A chalk-white face. Long black hair jerked back from her forehead by a wad of surgical tape. Feet elevated. Drip tube in her ankle [*Please turn the page*]

LIZ, AND ATE IT, TOO!

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

The Passion Of Love:

YOUR HEART ALWAYS RULED!

Her wedding to Nicky Hilton was staged by MGM. Liz called it a lovely mistake.

feeding her intravenously. A 700-pound square electronic lung looming over her like some grotesque animal. From the electronic lung stretches a tentacle-shaped rubber tube which winds down to the bed and enters the patient's body through a two-inch insertion in her windpipe. Another tube transfuses blood into her arm.

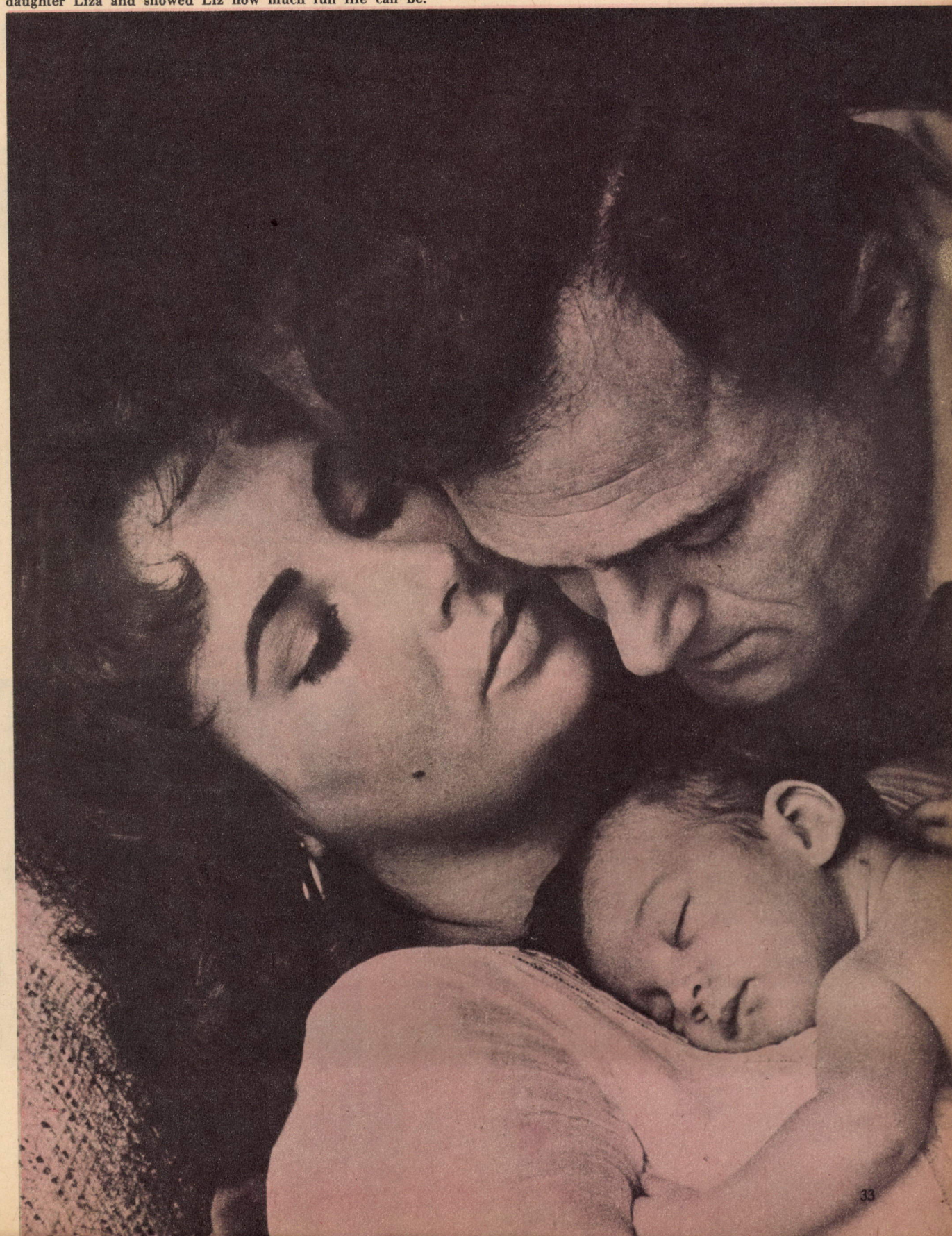
Liz Taylor is in a coma, her lungs are mucus-clogged. A weary doctor steps away from her bed for a second, sadly shakes his head "no" to a nurse, and then bends over the patient again.

Suddenly, the ever-present eye is nearby. Even when she is unconscious, the eye is never far away. This time, it's small, unobtrusive, the tiny, ferreting eye of a miniature camera. Somehow, nearby, a photographer is plotting ways to invade her hospital room. At the very moment that the fingers of death are reaching out, the horrible eye is hunting her . . . looking for her . . . looking for her . . . as it has done thousands of times before . . .

Childhood—*the sweet dream of warmth and innocence and love.* Mama is beautiful and Papa is handsome and brother Howard is *so much older*—two years older—but he's nice, sometimes, except when he teases. Cats are soft and furry, dogs are rough and fuzzy, but best of all is the chipmunk, Nibbles. He sits on your shoulder, and you tell him your most secret secrets. [*Please turn to page* 34]

Liz' second try at marriage was with Mike Wilding, who fathered her boys—Michael (left), and Christopher (right).

Third husband was showman Mike Todd, who fathered her daughter Liza and showed Liz how much fun life can be.



ELIZABETH
TAYLOR

THEN THERE WAS

Nibbles understands everything, and you love him as much as Mama and Papa and Howard.

You take Nibbles along when you go from house to house in Beverly Hills selling stuff you find around your house—soap, matches, combs, old toothbrushes, cigarettes, fancy boxes, faded flowers and silver trays. The people in the mansions laugh when you tell them what you're selling. You don't know why they laugh exactly, but you laugh with them, and you find out that when you laugh they often buy something.

Your brother shows you how to use a box-camera. There's a little eye in the front. You point at someone, and click the thingumajig, and sometimes, if you're lucky, you get a picture. Once in a while, Howard snaps your picture. Your favorite is the one with the top of your head cut off.

When you're eight years old, your mama takes you to a movie studio, Universal Pictures, and soon you're acting in front of a camera. There are lots of lights, and the camera has a big eye, like a sick dog, but acting's kind of fun, although you only get to make one picture that year.

One day, you don't have to go to the studio any more, but you don't mind 'cause now you have more time to spend with all your dogs and cats, and, of course, with Nibbles.

But a year later, you're back in front of the cameras, this time at a studio called MGM in a picture called *Lassie Come Home.* It's fun playing with Lassie, even when the big eye is blinking at you, but it's still more fun to get home to Nibbles.

Then you're in a film called *National Velvet.* You're crazy about the horse you ride in the picture, and you have the best time you've ever had in your life. Even rehearsing is great—every day you make at least 40 jumps on horseback, until one time when you fall badly you are knocked unconscious. After that, being in *National Velvet* isn't quite as much fun any more.

The picture comes out and you're a big success. You don't know what success is exactly, except that now you never seem to have time for Nibbles. You're at the studio from [*Please turn to page* 36]

Prelude to marital mishap: At Eddie's opening in Las Vegas, wife Debbie was there with his future-wife Liz.

Almost a year later, Liz converted to Judaism, married Eddie Fisher in a Las Vegas synagogue on May 12, 1959.

THE PAIN OF NOTORIETY!

Her approaching marriage to Eddie prompted local citizens to picket the Tropicana where Eddie was starring in the show.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

WHAT NEXT?

8:00 in the morning 'til 6:00 at night. You go to classes at the studio school, you study three hours a day at the studio classroom, you act and rehearse in front of the blinking eye of the studio camera until you're dead tired. Your free time is spent giving interviews, studying lines, having fittings, and being made up. Always a studio representative, or a press agent, or your mother is with you.

Without knowing when it happens exactly, one day you stop being "you," Liz Taylor, and become "she," Elizabeth Taylor, movie star. For this little girl, ordinary life is gone forever.

For Elizabeth Taylor, movie star, the camera eye becomes her master. Her mother stands right behind the camera, giving hand signals to her: "smile more;" "take is easy;" "more emotion;" "soften your voice." Her mother, the director, the producer, and, above all, the camera eye—tell her constantly what to say, what to do, what to feel.

There's no place to hide, no place to run to. Everything's geared to a tight schedule, everything must go off like clockwork. Years later, she was to recall, "In school, we weren't even allowed to daydream. So I'd escape to the girl's room." But even there the insistent voice of the studio reaches her: "Call for Miss Taylor. Call for Elizabeth Taylor. On set in five minutes." And she returns from the world of her dreams to the real world of the glaring camera eye.

Once in a while, she manages to retreat into the prop and costume department where she can enter the land of make-believe. She dresses up in different costumes. She can be anything she wants—a ragamuffin or a princess, the ugly stepsister or Cinderella.

One day, she puts on a low-cut peasant blouse and a flared skirt. She [*Please turn to page* 62]

He fills my needs in every way...
says Debbie Reynolds.
For my children and me...

HAPPINESS IS A GUY NAMED HARRY

Jamaica honeymoon for Debbie and Harry started off with a hurricane, but ended up as a carefree sun spree.

You don't have to look into a crystal ball to know Debbie Reynolds Karl is happy. Her own radiant serenity tells the full story.

"Our love is very fulfilling," a glowing Debbie told me. "Harry is a really wonderful man, a mature man—and he fills my needs in every way.

"Not only is he a wonderful husband—which, of course, comes first—but he's also a wonderful friend to my children—which is about on an equal par with being a wonderful husband really, you know."

Marital adjustments? Problems? These words are nonexistent in Debbie's life today.

"With Harry's wonderful attitude," Debbie says, "we just don't have any problems at all. And I'm a very flexible person, too—perhaps through experience. . .

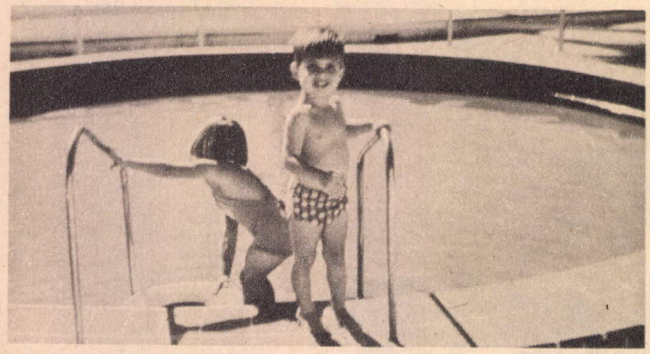
"There are no problems with our families. The in-law problem, which could be a very severe problem, doesn't exist in our marriage. I'm very fond of his family and Harry's extremely fond of mine.

"The children knew Harry for a year before we were married, and they've always loved him. They wanted him to live with us a long time ago," Debbie says with a smile, "but I explained to them that there are laws—and we had to get married first.

"Harry is a giver," she says warmly. "Of himself, I mean. He's a completely unselfish man. Even when we were going together he never asked me to go anywhere without including my children. And that's the sign of a very mature man, because he was attracted to me individually.

"Whenever Harry plans *anything* now, it's for all of us—as a unit. He doesn't think [*Please turn the page*]

Amusing the kids indoors during storm was a chore. When sun finally came out, Carrie loved the beach.



Wading pond at hotel was Todd's favorite spot under watchful eye of grandmother, Maxene Reynolds, who flew down with them.

Extroverted Carrie was a favorite with other guests, posed happily for her grandmother.

Beach was fun for Todd, but he moaned when he found there was no television.

HAPPINESS IS A GUY NAMED HARRY

of just himself or of what he might want to do, he thinks of what would be good for Carrie and Toddie and me."

As a reporter-friend who's known her since she was 17, I have no doubt that today, for Debbie, happiness is a guy named Harry.

As she told me, "We share so much—besides our deep love for each other. We have a good marriage. There are just no problems at all. . ."

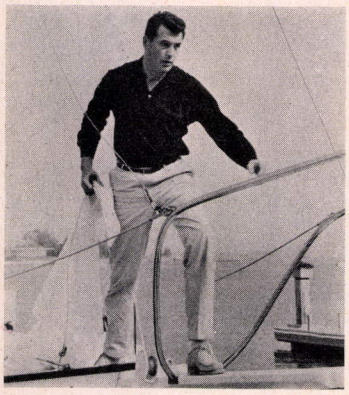
This, despite some Hollywood handicappers who'd warned so grimly about how Harry's wealth would be no substitute for happiness.

As I knew it wouldn't, her marriage has made no change in Debbie's way of life. The only difference I could see was the pear-shaped diamond engagement ring that weighted down her left hand. With it she was wearing a simple brown cotton shirt, open at the throat, and a brown plaid wool skirt. And, typically, she'd stashed her shoes under the coffee table by the over-sized green couch in the den, and on her feet Debbie was wearing only a deep Jamaica tan.

Debbie always removes her shoes whenever she can. Harry Karl once laughingly conceded that this habit of [*Please turn to page* 60]

Guy whose name is happiness took his new family for a long paddleboat ride.

Do I make love to the world's most beautiful women? Well, sure, but...



The time I almost lost my life in a boating accident? You see...

That wild motor scooter race? It was like this...

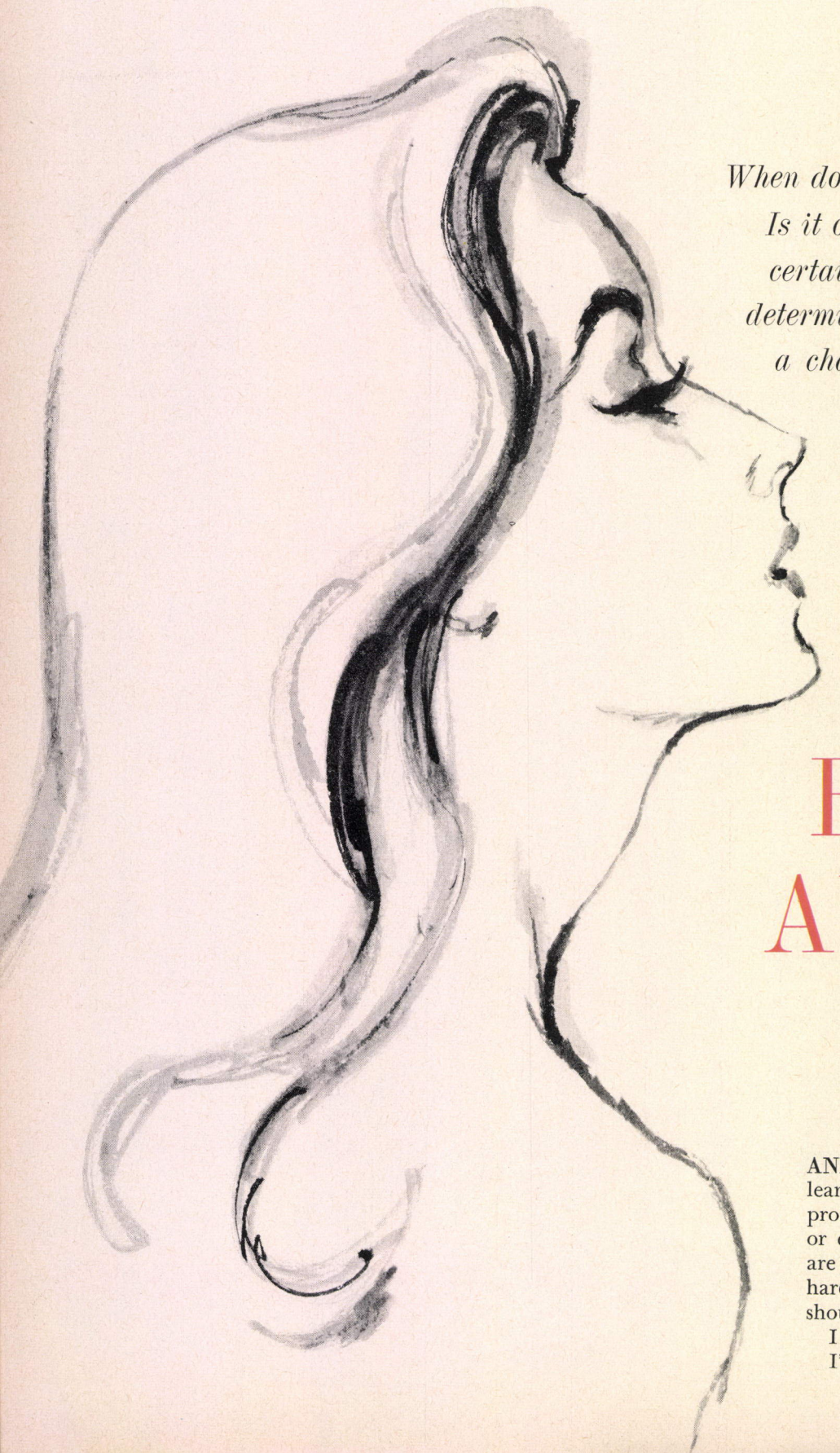
me ADVENTUROUS? never touch the stuff!

When Rock Hudson was a kid, he used to daydream himself into adventure. He saw *Hurricane* and all of a sudden he felt *he* was Jon Hall. He and a friend found a swimming hole in a ravine with a diving board suspended from an oak tree and ropes to swing on—and zoom!—he was Jon Hall flying out of the tree, swimming across the pool under water to come up at Dorothy Lamour's feet! What an adventure!

He was always seeking adventure with his neighborhood pals. Once, the police had to get them off the top of the highest church in town. At 16, he tried to join the Air Corps. He was a gawky kid, over six feet tall, weight 150 pounds. The Air Corps sergeant smiled and suggested Roy Fitzgerald and his pal Jimmy Matteoni wait until they were 18.

But a boy becomes a man, fills out to meet his height and grows up to meet his ambitions.

[*Please turn to page* 65]



When does a girl stop being a girl? Is it only a matter of reaching a certain age—or is it growing up determined by a moment, an event, a challenge? Here is what four Hollywood actresses have to say about

THE DAY I BECAME A WOMAN...

ANNETTE FUNICELLO: Some people learn by following good advice, or by profiting from other people's experiences, or even by studying books. Then there are people like me, who do everything the hard way. Even grow up. Or maybe I should say, *especially* grow up.

I had to lose my best friend to do it.

I've never been one of those girls who

CAROLYN JONES

MOLLY BEE

ANNETTE FUNICELLO

SUSAN KOHNER

can get along without other girls. I like having girl friends. There are things I could never say to a fellow that I can talk about to a girl friend.

I've always liked being friends with a lot of girls, and being especially close to one or two. Evenings when I'm not out on a date I usually spend a lot of time on the phone with [*Please turn to page* 56]

"I'M GLAD My Parents DIDN'T TRUST ME...."

Susan Kohner's classmates at the Westlake School for Girls in Beverly Hills took her under their sisterly—and conspiratorial—wing. Another girl in Susan's predicament might have earned her classmates' jeers, they might have laughed at her because while they all enjoyed independence, Susan was scarcely permitted out of her parents' sight.

But there was something about Susan that wouldn't let the other girls make sport of her. They liked her and felt sorry for her. She was shy and gentle, and they enjoyed her company. They wanted for her all the good things they had for themselves. Things like being able to go out on a date without being treated like a Cinderella doomed to perdition if she didn't get home at the stroke of midnight.

Perhaps they regarded Susan as a symbol. Perhaps they thought by helping her they were striking a blow for enslaved teen-agers everywhere. In any case, the girls concocted a plot to help Susan outwit her ever-vigilant mother and father. The plan was bold and simple.

"You just say you're coming to my house for dinner, and that you're going to stay overnight," a classmate said. "The boys will meet us here. We'll go out, and then go back to my house. Your parents won't suspect a thing."

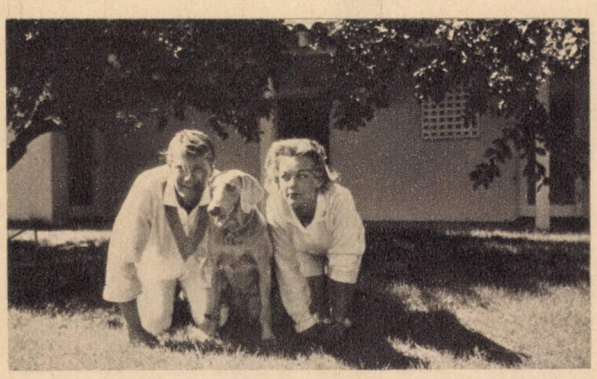
It was with enormous trepidation that Susan agreed to the deception. Defiance did not come easily to her. But the girls finally convinced her that it was all perfectly harmless. Susan told her folks the agreed-upon story, and the moment of liberation came.

But, alas, it didn't turn out to be quite the [*Please turn to page* 70]

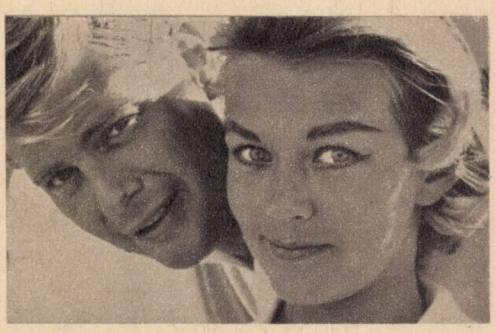
TWO NICE KIDS ENGAGED TO BE ENGAGED

that's their story...

so they say...



we think...



who knows?...

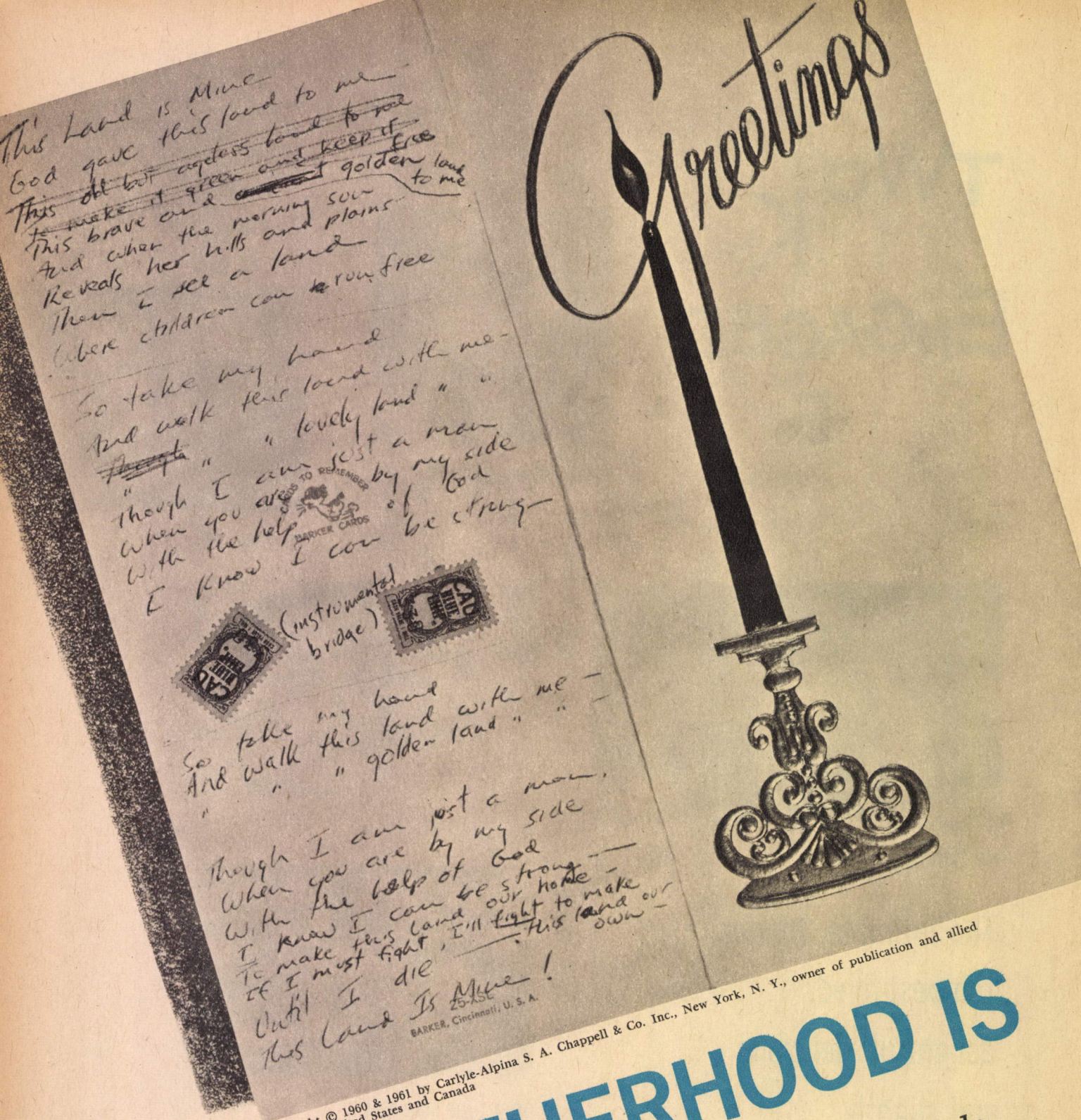
only time can tell...

The intimate, tender, tempest-filled, delightful, delicious and slightly delirious courting of Lili Kardell by Troy Donahue

Troy Donahue stood at the side of the room watching her. Ever since he'd first seen her, surrounded by a group of admiring men, he'd felt like a schoolboy at his first dance. Ill-at-ease. Bashful. Afraid to approach her.

Hour by hour, as the candles in the jack-o'-lanterns in the room burned lower and lower, his self-confidence ebbed. She was the most beautiful girl he'd ever laid eyes on. Perfect. Out of a dream. Unattainable.

So he stood with his back against the wall as the Halloween party swirled around him. Watching. [*Please turn to page* 58]


This Land is Mine
God gave this land to me
This old but ageless land to me
To make it green and keep it
This brave and golden land to me
And when the morning sun
Reveals her hills and plains
Then I see a land
Where children can be free
So take my hand
And walk this land with me
" " lovely land " "
Though I am just a man
When you are by my side
With the help of God
I know I can be strong
(instrumental bridge)
So take my hand
And walk this land with me
" " golden land " "
Though I am just a man
When you are by my side
With the help of God
I know I can be strong
To make this land our home
If I must fight, I'll fight to make
Until I die, this land our own
This Land Is Mine!
Greetings
BARKER CARDS TO REMEMBER
BARKER, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Copyright © 1960 & 1961 by Carlyle-Alpina S. A. Chappell & Co. Inc., New York, N. Y., owner of publication and allied rights for United States and Canada

BROTHERHOOD IS

Unlike many people who talk about it but do nothing, Pat Boone wages a constant and most effective battle against the bigots whenever prejudice rears its ugly head!

A 4 LETTER WORD

An expectant hush settled over the crowded banquet hall in the Beverly Hilton Hotel. Pat Boone stood in the center of the dais ready to acknowledge the honor just paid him. In his arm he cradled a plaque—the Brotherhood Award presented annually by the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Pat cleared his throat and said, "First of all, I think you've made a mistake here!"

There was a gasp from the crowd.

"You've given me this award for promoting *brotherhood,*" Pat went on. "Yet you know I have four daughters. I've helped the cause of *sisterhood,* but brotherhood—I don't know. . ."

Pat Boone's disarming quip amused everyone—but fooled no one. Everyone in the room knew that there had been no mistake. Pat deserved the award.

It is unlikely that the honor has ever gone to a person whose credentials are more unusual than Boone's. Pat is an Evangelical Christian, a dedicated member of the Church of Christ who frankly believes in converting others. He will not appear at benefits to raise funds for [*Please turn the page*]

Overwhelmed by the story and beautiful music from film, Pat grabbed first bit of paper he could find to write lyrics to *The Exodus Song*. When he had finished, he found he'd written them on the back of a Christmas card (*left*). After pal Buddy Hackett heard lyrics, he made Pat an honorary Jew, gave him a mezuzah. Pat wears it for friendship and brotherhood.

Pat Boone

Continued from page 51

the teaching of any religious doctrine other than what he believes is scriptural. On screen, he has refused to portray clergymen or lay advocates of any faith other than the Church of Christ for fear such roles might be mistaken as endorsement of a religious belief different from his.

"I do have certain problems," Pat reveals, "because while I love everybody and I have great respect for people of other faiths, I still feel my own faith and my membership in the Church of Christ is very vital to me. I'm not so liberal that I believe no matter how you worship God it's all right as long as you feel in your heart that you're right. I'm more fundamental than that."

Yet despite such a commitment to his own church, Pat possesses a shining warmth and engulfing love for his fellow man. Where Pat Boone walks, religious and racial prejudice never cast their grotesque shadow. He lives brotherhood and fights bigotry not only on public platforms, where his hearers are sympathetic, but in places where bigotry is subtly concealed and deeply rooted.

Pat Boone dares brotherhood in his own family circles, where ancient biases against the Negro have not fully disappeared. He fights for brotherhood in a restricted golf club, where membership is denied a Jewish friend. In his office or his living room, wherever a chance conversational remark may betray a blind spot of prejudice, he challenges bigots in frank encounter. But he chooses to challenge them with a four-letter word spelled L-O-V-E.

His plaque from the National Conference of Christians and Jews is not an entirely new experience. Pat has received many other brotherhood awards on a more intimate level. He has mezuzahs, a Lion of Judah, St. Christopher and St. Genesius medals. Sometimes he wears them around his neck, sometimes he puts them on his key ring—but the friendship these tokens symbolize he wears always in his heart.

"The other morning," Pat explained as we sat in his dressing room at 20th, "Rafer Johnson and I were playing on 20th's basketball team in a game against Warners. The other team wore shirts, but we didn't. Rafer had a mezuzah on a chain, and a guy asked me if Rafer was Jewish. I said I didn't think so, that I suspected it was a gift from a friend, and that Rafer wears the mezuzah the same way I wear it—as a token of friendship. It doesn't mean anything to me religiously, but as a token of friendship it does.

"If a friend gave me a bracelet or a ring, or even cufflinks, I'd certainly wear them," Pat ventures. "But what makes religious tokens different is that while they don't represent *my* religious beliefs they do mean something religiously to those who give it to me. It's almost as if they've given me a small part of themselves rather than just something they've bought. It's a sharing of spirit as well as a gift.

"One day," Pat smiles, "I was on the beach when a Jewish lady noticed that I was wearing a mezuzah. She came up to me and asked if I were Jewish."

Sometimes Pat doesn't even have to wear a religious item to be welcomed into a certain religious group.

"Just because we have four children—ages three, four, five and six—a lot of people assume I'm Catholic. And the fact that I'm descended from Daniel Boone seems to draw me to a lot of people, too."

Not too long ago when Pat was in Miami Beach a woman came up to him and said, quite seriously, "Did you know we were cousins?"

Pat had to confess this knowledge had escaped him.

"Well, we are," the woman assured him. "I'm descended from Daniel Blum, and so are you."

"It seems I'm just kin to everybody," Pat concludes with a warm smile.

Pat, for example, is kin by friendship to a Hungarian Jew named George Unger. Unger, an ex-fighter turned jeweler, lives in New York. Pat describes him as a hulking man whose heart is as big as his physique, a man who quietly donates hundreds of braille watches to the blind every year. Pat is always touched but never surprised by Unger's generosity.

One day Unger pressed a present into Pat's hand and growled, "Here, Merry Christmas!"

Pat opened the package and found a beautiful silver Lion of Judah—the lion's foot on a diamond and a ruby in his eye.

"You're not Jewish," Unger said, "but I want you to have it."

Pat has a gift for awakening similar warmth and affection in friends of every color or creed.

"My manager, Jack Spina, being Catholic, has given me a St. Christopher medal," he acknowledges. "I've also been given a number of St. Genesius medals—St. Genesius being the Catholic patron saint of dramatic arts. If a Catholic actor gives a St. Genesius medal to a non-Catholic actor, it's as much as saying, 'Look, we're in the same fraternity and I give this to you.' You know, it's a bit more than something else you might wear."

Pat's rapport with his fellow man springs from unusual familiarity with religious traditions other than his own, and from a background of tolerance in his immediate family.

"I think I was raised in an unusual family," Pat says. "I grew up in Nashville, Tennessee, in the heart of the south. In Nashville, I don't know of any real prejudice against Jews, but of course there's a great deal of prejudice normally and generally toward the Negro. Yet in my immediate family there was no prejudice whatsoever toward Negroes.

"My mother and father, being genuinely religious people, saw no reason to look down on somebody or think less of him just because his skin happened to be a different color, or his religion or race was different. My parents both have open, generous hearts. I was blessed to grow up in a terrifically open-minded, deeply religious family—genuinely religious, not a fanatic or really narrow thing."

This tolerance, Pat concedes frankly, does not extend to all members of his family.

"Others of my relations," he points out, "have always considered Negroes still kind of slaves . . . ignorant and no account, you know. Even now some of my relatives still feel the Negro always will be inferior to the white man—in mental capacity, in social habits, in ability to cope with life in general. They just feel the Negro is inferior. I regret this, and I've talked to them about it.

"These relatives expressed disgust at the fact that I had a Negro performer, Johnny Mathis, on my Thanksgiving show. They wanted to know why I couldn't just as easily have had a good white performer. What could this fellow possibly contribute that a white singer couldn't? They had discussed the matter while eating their Thanksgiving meal. When I heard about it, I had to write to them.

"The letter wasn't belligerent," he nods. "These happen to be people I love, and I can understand that this has been part of their heritage. They've been raised this way. All their lives they have been taught that the Negro is inferior."

So he wrote to them not with anger—but with love.

"I understand," he said in his letter, "that all of you were eating Thanksgiving dinner and commemorating the freedoms of this country and celebrating the atmosphere that has made this country great. Yet at the same time you couldn't understand why I would have a very good singer on my show, a popular and talented young singer, just because he was a Negro. There seems to be a real incongruity there, you know."

However eager he is to overcome bigotry, Pat is not naive enough to expect every barrier to fall in his friendly path. He took on an ancient bastion of snobbery—one form of prejudice—when he tried to get his Jewish pal, Buddy Hackett, accepted for membership in a country club to which he belongs.

He talked to the club pro, other members and even went to work on the membership chairman. But it was all to no avail. Defeated and dejected, he phoned Buddy.

"They told you they just didn't have any openings, right?" Buddy anticipated.

"No," Pat said forthrightly. "It wasn't that. Each of the fellows I talked to said there's nobody they'd rather have in the club than you, but there were rules and there was nothing they could do."

Buddy was taken aback by Pat's candor.

"You mean they actually told you why they won't let me join, because I'm Jewish, and you don't mind telling me?"

"Why should I lie to you, Buddy?" Pat said. "I want you to be in the club, and I'd gladly sponsor you. All I know is that you're my friend."

There was a long silence. Then Buddy said, "I want to thank you for your courage, Pat."

"What do you mean, courage?" Pat protested. "There was no courage."

"Oh yes there was," Buddy insisted. "It took a lot of guts for you to stick your neck out the way you did—knowing the restrictions and still going around saying you had a Jewish friend you wanted in the club. That took a lot of guts, Pat."

Pat's heart went out to Buddy, and he was anxious to soften the hurt.

"Anyhow," he told Buddy, trying to console him, "I want you to come as my guest."

[*Please turn to page 55*]

In 1952, Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger were married. In 1954, they were divorced. Seven years went by, seven lonely years. Then, on March 11, 1961, they remarried. This is the story of how they discovered...

Love is lovelier the second time around

It was Friday night, the tenth of March. The members of the orchestra in the crowded Starlight Room of the Beverly Hilton Hotel grinned at one another when their leader Freddie Karger gave them the nod to start *In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening*. They grinned because they knew that song had a special meaning—it meant Freddie's ex-wife, Jane Wyman, was in the room. You see, Janie had recorded that song several years ago with Bing Crosby and it was a big hit. To Freddie, it became Jane's song and his way of letting her know he was thinking of her.

The boys in the orchestra knew something else about their leader that Hollywood didn't know. They knew Freddie was seriously courting Jane again. Courting the woman he had married in 1952 and divorced in 1954.

From 1954 to 1961 makes seven years by any man's reckoning. During that seven years, Freddie never seriously dated another girl and Jane dated few men. They had traveled a long, lonely road over those years. But now it was over. For tomorrow, the very next day, they would be married in Newport Beach, California in the church of their faith. And unlike [*Please turn the page*]

Jane Wyman

Continued from page 53

their photographer-crowded elopement to Santa Barbara in 1952, this wedding would be quiet, ever-so-quiet. There would be no swingin' party after the ceremony. Instead, Freddie and Jane would go to mass—together—then return to his small Beverly Hills apartment to take up their life together. Their weekends would be spent at Jane's lovely seaside hide-a-way in Newport.

And what about those seven years and the love that lived through them? Why did they fall in love back in 1952? Why did Jane divorce him in 1954? What made her return to him? Yes, they are all logical questions and there are logical answers for them. But to understand them better we must go back to the 1930's when a bright-eyed little girl hit Hollywood.

Jane was Sarah Jane Fulks then, and her adoring mother thought—and rightly so—that her daughter was prettier and brighter and more talented than the average little girl. Unfortunately, the casting directors around Hollywood didn't agree. Rejected, Sarah Jane and Mama went back to their little grey home in the mid-west.

About six years later, Sarah Jane turned up again in Hollywood. In the interim, she had acquired dancing and singing experience, a figure that turned men's heads, a face the camera adored and a new name—Jane Durrell. Warners was signing cuties by the dozens—and they signed Jane.

Nobody at the studio had a crystal ball. They had no idea that this cutie named Durrell would become Jane Wyman and win an Academy Award in 1948 for *Johnny Belinda*. Neither did they know that in the same year she would lose her baby, and divorce her husband, Ronald Reagan, known then as "The All American Boy." Of course, they didn't know either that when she next married Freddie Karger and reporters referred to him as her second husband—they would be wrong.

Jane's marital record has some mystery about it. There was a man named Eugene Wyman. What became of him and why is not a matter of record. What is a matter of record is that by 1938, Jane was married to and divorced from Myron Futterman. Mr. Futterman was a dress manufacturer, and maybe it was he who taught Jane about clothes. When she first arrived in Hollywood she wore more buttons and beads than a Zulu Princess. By the time she met Ronnie Reagan on the Warner lot, she was as chic and well-groomed as a gal could be.

As sophisticated as she appeared on the outside, Jane was confused within. She knew there was a thing called religion, but it barely touched her life. Her philosophy on love was almost juvenile. To her love was a toy, a thrill, the most important source of happiness. That it could be much, much more—a sharing, a giving, a spiritual human partnership, Jane had yet to learn. And like most women, she learned it through heartbreak and suffering.

She didn't learn heartbreak and suffering from Ronnie Reagan. In fact, he learned it from her.

From the day of their marriage in 1940 till the day of their divorce in 1948, the Reagan-Wyman love story was Hollywood's favorite. When their first child was born January 4, 1941, Maureen Elizabeth Reagan was Hollywood's princess. On March 18, 1945, a son Michael Edward arrived. Ronnie went into the Army and served four years. Jane stopped being a cutie-pie both off screen and on. She clicked in *Princess O'Rourke* and went dramatic in *The Lost Weekend* which won an Oscar as 1945's best picture. In 1947 she played Greg Peck's wife in another film of Academy-Award calibre, *The Yearling*. In that film she also played the mother of an adolescent boy—a pretty daring thing for a young actress. But Jane thought, "Why shouldn't I play a mother, in real life I have two children."

When 1948 rolled around, Jane was about to be the mother of three—but her premature baby lived only one day.

Could it have been the loss of the baby that killed Jane's love for Ronnie? Could it have been her *Johnny Belinda* co-star, Lew Ayres? Was it the Oscar she won for that film? Was it one of these things—or all of them put together?

In the divorce court Jane said it was politics that had broken up her marriage. She was granted a divorce June 28, 1948, on the grounds of mental cruelty.

After the divorce, she moved from the ranch she shared with Ronnie and the children to a chic house in chic Bel-Air. It was in that house that she learned about loneliness and heartache.

Before the divorce, Jane had flippantly said people would hold her divorcing Ronnie against her. And she was right. The divorce stirred up quite a bit of angry dust. After all, Ronnie had served his country, served his profession as president of the Screen Actors' Guild, and was interested in city and state politics. And besides, Ronnie deeply loved Jane.

So in that chic house in chic Bel-Air, Jane, a free woman, found her free time much too free. If she had been attracted to the deeply religious Lew Ayres during the filming of *Johnny Belinda*, once the film was over she realized she might as well forget him.

So, with all this free time on her hands, Jane began thinking seriously of religion.

It was then that Greg Bautzer, a lawyer-man-about-town, came into her life. And like Lana Turner, Joan Crawford, Carole Landis and Ginger Rogers before her, Jane forgot everything but Greg. All Hollywood grinned at the thought of Bautzer having dropped Ginger for Jane. Ginger, you know, had been Mrs. Lew Ayres.

Bautzer completely charmed the ladies he dated. Jane was no exception. She gave out those "We're just good friends," statements when asked about him . . . just as Ginger and Joan and the others had done before her—just as Greg's girls would continue to do until he dated one named Dana Wynter.

Next came a 26-year-old man named Travis Kleefeld. Today, he's known as singer Tony Travis, but early in 1952, when Jane announced she would wed him, he was a wealthy young man working in his family's business of building houses. Hollywood was shocked at the announcement—Jane was 12 years older than her fiance. Four months later the engagement was broken.

Again Jane was depressed. She'd done a very sombre film, *The Blue Veil*. It won critical acclaim but little else. Her children were away at school and as she walked around her big, big house, the silence was almost unbearable. She wanted help, but she didn't know where to find it.

Then one night Freddie Karger brought her home from a benefit. And, as every woman knows, no matter what problems a woman has, let a man come into her life and she thinks everything's solved.

Actually, Freddie wasn't a new man to Jane. They'd known each other very casually before Jane married Ronnie and Freddie married Patti Sachs, a law student. In the restricted social circles of Hollywood, the paths of an Academy-Award winning star and a musical arranger seldom cross.

It was a film, prophetically titled *Love Song*, that brought them together. During the filming, Jane had agreed to sing at a benefit show. Karger was then under contract to Columbia and handling the musical chores for the film. It was natural that he go to the rehearsal to supervise Jane's song. After rehearsal, he took her home.

Jane was delighted to be with an old friend with whom she could completely relax. She was even pleased when he cut down Santa Monica Boulevard—the shortest way home. It was then she spied Barney's Beanery—a Hollywood landmark since 1915 or thereabouts. When Jane saw the big sign, a wave of nostalgia swept over her.

"I'm hungry," she announced.

"So am I. You want to go to Romanoff's?" asked the nice Mr. Karger.

"Would you think I was crazy if I said I'd like to stop right here at Barney's? Freddie, do you remember how the gang used to come here?"

"Sure," he said. "The hamburgers were a dime, the coffee a nickel. We'd talk all evening for twenty cents—tip included."

Jane sighed, "It's a shame none of us comes here. . . ."

"I come," Freddie said. "The food is still terrific and so's the talk. It may set me back ninety cents to feed you—but I'm game if you are!"

Jane laughed and suddenly she realized it had been a long, long time since she'd laughed that freely.

"Barney won't remember me," she said. "The last time I was here was 15 years ago—and I was a blonde."

Barney did recognize her and insisted she have the biggest steak on the house. Later over coffee the three of them began to reminisce.

"Remember that vaudevillian with all the teeth we used to call the run-away horse? His name was Fred something. What ever happened to him, Barney?"

"He was Freddie's uncle," Barney said.

Beet-faced, Jane turned to Freddie and said, "I guess you'd better take me home now."

He did.

He wasn't at the studio the next day. He wasn't at the benefit that night. He wasn't at the studio the day after that, either. Jane kept telling herself there wasn't any reason

for him to be. Yet . . . she hoped she'd run into him. . . .

That night she went home to her big empty house—empty except for Carrie, the wonderful maid she's had since her marriage to Ronnie. Carrie had planned a lovely dinner and wondered if maybe Jane wanted to call Eve Arden and invite her over to share it. As Jane walked to the phone, it rang.

"Could I get you to come out to dinner tonight—Barney's or otherwise?" asked Freddie. "Would you come and not drag my relatives into the conversation?"

That was the start of a courtship unlike any Jane had ever experienced. It wasn't glamorous, or exciting or filled with long talks of politics or war. It was as unpretentious as a glass of ice-cold milk on a hot summer day. Jane and Freddie talked of their profession, their family, and their hopes and heartaches. She discovered Freddie had moved back with his mother and sister after his divorce from Patti. His daughter Terry lived with them, too—and she was exactly Maureen's age.

They dined together almost every evening. Quietly, Freddie checked Jane's shooting schedule and knew when she must be home early for studio calls the next morning. 11-year-old Maureen loved Freddie, but what pleased Jane most was that her son Mike did, too. Freddie was the first of her dates 7-year-old Mike liked. The two Reagan children also liked Terry Karger.

Love Song was scheduled to wind up on October 31, 1952. On October 30, they looked across the sound stage and knew they were in love. Two days later amid photographers galore they were married in Santa Barbara. The reception was big and wonderful. Just as the judge pronounced them man and wife, a wire arrived. It said, "WE'RE SO HAPPY TO HAVE OUR MOMMY AND DADDY TOGETHER." It was signed Maureen, Mike and Terry.

That November 2, 1952, Jane and Fred knew nothing could part them. On December 7, 1954, Jane Wyman received the divorce she requested, and both of them knew nothing could bring them back together.

Besides, she had her work. She was announced for a TV series—*The Jane Wyman Show*. It would keep her busy, very busy.

Unfortunately (or maybe fortunately!), the TV show didn't click. She didn't get as many film roles as she once had, either. Her children were growing taller and beginning to lead a life of their own. And she, Jane Wyman, had lots of time on her hands.

Only she didn't want it. She was so terribly lonely she didn't know what to do with herself. Once again she was strong enough and honest enough to see she could use help. She wondered who on earth she could turn to—until one day she realized the help she needed wasn't on earth at all.

That was when she turned to the Catholic Church which, in a way, was also turning back to Freddie Karger. Freddie had been born and brought up a Catholic. He wasn't a devout Catholic because he'd married and divorced outside the church. And then he'd married Jane, a divorcée—outside his church. But faith ingrained in childhood is seldom completely forgotten. Freddie's faith wasn't gone—it was just far, far back in his mind.

With Jane it was quite different. Regular church attendance was new to her. The disciplines of the Catholic Church were new to her. But so was the feeling of internal peace. Loneliness began to leave her for now she knew she was not alone. Finally, she began to take Catholic instruction.

The instruction went on for many months. She saw few people except Maureen and Mike. Maureen began to talk about wanting to go to New York to be on her own. A few months before, Jane couldn't have endured the idea of letting her go. Now, because of her faith in God, she had the strength to let her daughter find her own way.

A year went by, then another and another. Jane began to know herself and as she did, she became aware of how demanding she had been with the men who had loved her. Her values changed. The constant busyness she once yearned for suddenly meant nothing. She now knew the difference between solitude and loneliness.

In addition, she found her wish to give love was growing. Previously, she had wanted to receive love, then share it. But now she knew the meaning of the words: *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*

Thus, shyly at first, and then with increasing trust and happiness, she and Freddie began seeing each other in 1959. Freddie had changed, too, she soon realized.

They did not immediately discuss the fact that neither of them had married or fallen in love with anyone else since 1954. They didn't discuss it because both of them were a little frightened of using the word love.

They had very quiet dinners at her house in Newport or at Freddie's mother's place. They discussed their children and little by little they began to talk about their faith—Freddie's old, nearly forgotten faith and Jane's new, radiant, mature faith. Quietly and in sincere humility, they began going to mass together. As the days passed they realized they were in love again—and their love was lovelier the second time around. Now they had one tender ambition—to be able to marry in their mutual faith.

This was not easy. The Catholic Church, in its established wisdom, put them to many a test. Waiting was one of them and it was the hardest test of all for the naturally impulsive Jane. When they were finally told they could wed, Jane and Freddie genuinely recognized that this was definitely their *first* marriage—a holy covenent which they would revere and maintain. A marriage like their love—that would be far, far better and last forever—second time around.

—BY RUTH WATERBURY

Pat Boone

[*Continued from page* 52]

"I can't," Buddy declined. "I hope you understand why."

Pat instinctively understood.

Pat's devotion to brotherhood is not all instinctual. He is an avid student both of the old and new testaments. He knows Jewish history, and has undisguised admiration for the aspirations of Jews in the stout new state of Israel—aspirations which Pat likens to the American struggle for independence. In fact, out of the deep well of sympathy for the struggle to create a Jewish homeland came the inspiration that impelled Pat to write the lyrics to *The Exodus Song*.

Pat had bought the recording, and was so enchanted with it he played it again and again. It was Christmas Eve, and he was sitting in his living room.

"I got chillbumps listening to that music," Pat says. "In addition to being familiar with the history of the Jews, I'd read Leon Uris' book. Knowing the backgrond of the story and listening to the song, an idea came to me."

The idea was translated into words, and the words rushed to impatient fingertips. Pat reached for the first piece of blank paper he could find and wrote the lyrics that the music demanded—wrote words that caught his answering excitement to the drama of an enslaved people's liberation.

"This land is mine!
God gave this land to me,
This brave and golden land to me. . . ." *

He finished the lyric that same evening. As if moved by the hand of God, he urgently scrawled the lyrics with a ballpoint pen, and used two Blue Chip stamps pasted on the white surface to indicate an instrumental bridge.

When he had finished, Pat picked up the paper to re-read the song of Jewish liberation he had created that Christmas Eve. It was then he discovered he had written the lyrics on the back of a Christmas card!

Pat Boone is not a professional lyricist. Dozens of pros had submitted lyrics for *The Exodus Song*. The picture's producer, Otto Preminger, had turned them all down. Randy Wood, the astounded head of Dot Records in Hollywood, got on the transcontinental phone and read Pat's lyrics to music publisher Stan Stanley in New York.

"Wonderful!" Stanley exclaimed. "Who wrote it?"

"Pat Boone," Randy Wood said.

An amazed Stanley presented the lyrics to Preminger. One earful was enough. Thus *The Exodus Song* came to life with Pat Boone's lyrics.

When Buddy Hackett heard the story of how Pat had come to write the song, he was overcome with emotion.

"Pat," Buddy said, "I have to make you an honorary Jew immediately."

Whereupon Buddy took out a gold religious medal on a chain and offered it to Pat.

"It's a mezuzah, Pat," Buddy said. "I want you to have it. Will you wear it?"

For an answer, Pat put it around his neck then and there.

"Sholom," he smiled at Buddy.

"Sholom," Buddy said.

Sholom is a Hebrew greeting. Like the Hawaiian aloha, it is a substitute for hello and good-by. Coming or going, it means peace be with you. And it means something else, too. It means *love*—Pat's own special four-letter word for brotherhood.

—BY WILLIAM TUSHER

Pat Boone stars in 20th's All Hands On Deck.

* Copyright © 1960 & 1961 by CARLYLE-ALPINA S. A. Chappell & Co., Inc., New York, New York, owner of publication and allied rights for United States and Canada.

The Day I Became A Woman

[*Continued from page* 45]

my friends, talking about all kinds of things.

Once, after one of those evenings on the phone, my mother said to me, "Annette, do you mind if I give you a bit of advice?"

"Of course not," I said, since I knew she would anyway.

"Well, honey, I think you're a little indiscreet sometimes. You tell your friends things about people—but you'd be very embarrassed to have those things get back to those people."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Oh, like the fact that Don, who thinks he's such a good dancer, stepped all over your feet at the party last Saturday night—"

"But it's *true*," I exclaimed.

"I'm sure it is," Mom said. "But Don's a nice boy, even if he does think too much of his dancing, and it would humiliate him to hear what you said about him."

"Well, he won't hear it," I said. "My goodness, don't you think my friends can keep a secret?"

"I don't know," Mom said in a thoughtful voice. "*You* can't."

Well, I put it down to parental advice that no one ever pays much attention to, and went on with my life as usual.

And then one night my best friend called me up in a terrific rage. "Annette," she blazed, "did you tell Ellen that I thought she was conceited?"

For a minute I was absolutely overwhelmed. I couldn't even remember if I had actually told Ellen, or just told one of her friends what my best friend had said. Then it hit me that it didn't matter *who* I had told—the point was, I had told *someone*, and it had gotten back to my best friend.

"You did *say* it—" I began miserably.

"Yes," she said. "But I didn't say it to *her*—who am I to tell her off? It's none of my business what she thinks of herself—I only said that to you because you're supposed to be my best friend—"

"I *am*—" I interrupted.

"Oh, no, you're not," she said. "You don't care half as much about being a friend as about having some juicy little tidbit to pass on to someone. Now Ellen's not speaking to me just because you couldn't keep a secret. I don't call that being a friend."

It struck me even as she slammed down the phone that that sounded exactly like something my mother might have said.

As I say, I do everything the hard way. I finally learned to keep a secret—my own and other people's—but it was too late for my girl friend. Of course, I apologized and we're back on speaking terms—but she doesn't trust me any more, and I don't suppose she ever will. That's another thing I learned from that incident—you can't go through life stepping on people's feelings and then expect that saying "I'm sorry" will make everything all right again.

The big thing about growing up, I think, is to know in advance which mistakes you can't afford to make even once. And violating someone's confidence, as far as I'm concerned, comes right at the top of the list.

MOLLY BEE: When I was 16 I considered myself a fully adult woman. If anyone had asked me just when I'd grown up, I'd probably have giggled and answered, "Oh, *years* ago!" As far as I was concerned, at 16 I'd already been everywhere and done everything—and what's more, I was determined to look the part. There wasn't an outfit in my closet that wouldn't have shocked a 35-year-old divorcée. I had dresses so tight I literally couldn't walk in them. I hobbled. Every morning I climbed into a sheath skirt, a tight sweater, and spike heels four inches high. Then I piled my hair on top of my head, and began my hour of making-up—the whole works, from pancake through eye shadow, mascara, and four layers of lipstick. *Then* I went to school.

Now, my mother was not blind. I seem to remember that every time she glanced my way, she'd shudder slightly. And from time to time, she tried to talk to me about it.

"Molly, don't you think you're a little—well, *overdressed* for school? Most of the girls I see are wearing bobby socks and pleated skirts."

"*They* go to *regular* high school," I said with scorn. "*I* go to *professional* school. All the girls at my school dress this way."

Mom tried again. "Maybe. But some of them look older than you do. You have such a baby face, Molly—you look ridiculous all tricked out like this. Like—like a little girl in her mother's things!"

"I will have you know," I said frigidly, "that I look at least twenty-one, and I certainly *am* that mature. Everyone thinks so."

It is easy for me to look back now and think that if I were in Mom's position, I'd have smacked me down, burned the contents of my closet, and made me get a whole new wardrobe. But Mom was—and is—a pretty smart cookie. She knew that my stubborn streak would really blossom if she actually forbade me to go out dressed that way. So she just sighed, shuddered, and waited. She knew something would happen to make me see the light.

And it did. It happened one spring evening, as I was tottering home in my usual regalia after a rehearsal. It was just beginning to get dark, it was supper time, and the streets were deserted. A couple of blocks from my house I turned a corner—and a man stepped out of a shadow and said, "Hi, girlie!"

Naturally, I ignored him. But he fell into step beside me.

"How's about you and me having a little drink together?"

I said, "Mister, beat it or I'll holler for a policeman."

To my astonishment, he just laughed. "Sure, sure," he said. "Come on, honey, I know a little place we can go to and—" He started hauling me off.

For a moment I was just plain furious. He had taken me for some kind of tramp! I opened my mouth to tell him off, and then all of a sudden, panic hit me. The streets were so empty and it was getting darker—in my spikes and strangle-skirt, I couldn't have run if my life depended on it—which it very well might. For a moment I just stared at him, and then I heard my own voice, quavering and tiny, whisper, "But—but you don't understand. I'm only sixteen—"

The man pulled me around in front of him so hard I thought he'd break my arm. His eyes narrowed and his whole face grew dark. "Well, I'll be—" he said at last. "You *are* a kid. Well, I'll be—" Suddenly he was shaking me with both hands. "Listen, you're a lucky kid. I'm going to let you go. But any kid who dolls herself up like that and walks around alone deserves to get her face bashed in. And the next guy may decide to do it. Now, get on home!"

I got.

I got home and up to my room without being seen. In ten seconds I was out of my clothes. From the back of my closet I dug out an old full skirt and a pair of flats and got into them. Then I went into the bathroom and, bawling like a baby, I scrubbed my face. The next day I gave away practically every stitch of clothing I owned. My mother watched the whole business without comment, but a few days later, when I set out for school in a full skirt and white blouse, she kissed me at the door and said, "Molly, how lovely you look."

That was all there was to it. But sometimes I wonder if I'm the only girl in the world who ever grew up by realizing that, after all, she was still only a kid!

SUSAN KOHNER: I grew up all at once in one split second, because I had to. There was something that had to be done, that only a grownup could do—and there was nobody to do it but me. It was as simple as that.

It's funny, though, how many crises I'd gone through before then *without* growing up. I remember the time when my family and I were in Mexico City during an earthquake. The hotel we were in began to shake. I looked up and saw a monstrous chandelier hanging from the ceiling begin to tremble and then swing. I was frightened all right, but the thing was, my parents were there and I knew with a child's faith that my mom and dad would take care of everything. They did get us out to safety—and without any help from me.

And then there was the day a forest fire started in our canyon. It was New Year's Eve and I was giving a big party that night. I'd planned it for months. That afternoon from my upstairs bedroom window I could see the flames spreading. The wind would scatter a cloud of sparks and all of a sudden another house would burst into flames. Everyone in the canyon was working to protect homes and property, and I was old enough to be among them, but all I could think of was my ruined party. While the grownups were rushing around, hosing down the houses with water, I was frantically asking everyone if the police would let my friends into the canyon that night. Finally the fire got close to our house. The heat was awful. My parents said that we should get ready to evacuate, and that we must try to save our most precious things. I supposed that they would gather up Mom's furs and her jewel case and things like that, but they went right to work taking the paintings down from the walls to send to safety first. I remember Mom saying, "You can replace almost anything, but when a work of art is gone, it's gone forever." Then she gave me a suitcase and told me to fill it with whatever I wanted most to save.

Scared out of my wits, I took the suitcase up to my room. There I stuffed it full of toy animals and a formal gown. Later on, when the fire had been put out and our home saved, I laughed at myself. It must be marvelous, I thought, to be really mature and never get so frightened that you lose your head.

But then came the night when there was trouble and no one but me to handle it—no one at all but me.

My parents had gone off on a trip to Europe, leaving my brother and me in the care of our German housekeeper. The woman didn't speak English, but I spoke some German.

One night I went to her room to say good night and found her doubled up on her bed, weeping with pain. In German, she sobbed that she'd been there for an hour, unable to call a doctor because she didn't speak English. She hadn't called me because she didn't want to frighten me! At first, all I felt was pure panic, but I managed to ask her where it hurt. When she pointed to the right side of her lower abdomen, I really got scared. Wishing with all my heart that my folks were home, I ran to the telephone and called our doctor. "Send an ambulance right away," I begged.

"Susan," he said, "it sounds like acute appendicitis. There is no time for an ambulance to make the trip way out to your house and back again. You've got to bring her in yourself."

"Me?" I gasped. "But—but I *can't*. I'm shaking all over. What if something goes wrong on the way? I'm scared—"

"I'm sorry," the doctor said, "but there's no time to be scared, Susan. Wrap her in a blanket, put her in the car, and drive to the hospital as quickly and smoothly as you can."

"But—"

"You *must*, Susan," he said. Then he hung up.

And I knew he was right, there wasn't anyone else to take over for me this time. In that one split second, I became an adult.

Of course, I didn't know it then. I just knew that I had to keep myself from shaking and crying while I got that poor woman bundled up into the car. Then I started down the canyon road, driving fast but watching for bumps every minute. All the while I was talking to her, both in English and German, telling her we'd be there very shortly, that everything would be all right.

We made it to the hospital. The doctor rushed her into the operating room. Half an hour later he came out and told me that if I had gotten her to the hospital five minutes later—if I had delayed just that much—her appendix would have burst and she might have died. Instead, the operation had been a success and she would be all right.

I drove home slowly. When I got there, I just cracked up. I shook and cried—I was a total wreck. All the tension and fright I'd suppressed came bursting out all at once, leaving me weak for hours. But it didn't matter. I'd learned that night that it didn't make any difference how frightened you were—you didn't have to be *fearless* to be grown-up: you only had to go ahead and do what had to be done *in spite of* being afraid. That's what makes all the difference.

Until our housekeeper was well again, I was in full charge of our house, and my brother and myself. I was completely on my own. And do you know? Somehow that didn't worry me—I was a bit afraid, but I knew I could handle it anyway.

CAROLYN JONES: When I was a kid in Texas, everybody had to know how to drive. There wasn't any other way to get from here to there and back again. I learned to drive when I was 9, and when I was 14 and old enough for a "permissory license," my dad announced that he was going to buy me a car.

Well, I nearly flipped. A couple of the kids in school had snazzy little convertibles, and I was longing for one, too. Mine would be even showier than theirs—I'd have it painted white!

The day we went downtown to get the car, I had my eyes shut with bliss when we drew up to the curb and Dad said, "Here we are! This is the car." I opened my eyes and saw him pointing to a plain big heavy hardtop. I howled and raged and finally sank into a kind of bleary-eyed stupor as my father bought the big grey sedan. A car for a housewife to drive to the supermarket in. A car for a married couple to lug the baby to the doctor in. A car to go to a funeral in!

I wanted a snazzy little white convertible!

"You'll take this one or none," my father said, with admirable control. "A car is not a toy, it's a means of locomotion. If it weren't a necessity around here, you wouldn't be getting one at all. Since you've got to have one, I want to know you'll get where you're going safely, in a good heavy car that will stand up in an emergency."

"What emergency?" I muttered.

"I don't know what emergency!" my father snapped. "But with anyone who carries on like such a baby, there's bound to be one!"

Little did either of us guess that the emergency was going to soon be on us—and it would be my father's doing!

It happened when the car was still brand-new, and I was just beginning to feel a little proud of it, on the grounds that at least it cost more than any of my friends' cars. Dad and I were out for a drive in it one evening, and we headed toward the outskirts of Amarillo, where Dad had some property that was planted in wheat. It was harvest time and as we drove we talked about the migrant workers who were harvesting the wheat this year, admired the sunset across the fields, waved to some of the men we knew. I was driving; Dad had a heart condition and was afraid to take the wheel for fear of getting an attack at 60 miles an hour.

So there we were, tooling down the road, when all of a sudden my father let out a holler like a wounded bull. I slammed my foot down on the brake and looked out to the right, and sure enough, I saw what he saw. There's a way to cut a field of wheat so that, to the unpracticed eye, it looks like it's completely harvested—when really, about eight bushels have been left standing. Then, at night, the man who cut it like that goes back to the field and harvests the left-over in secret and sells it himself. When a man has a lot of property in wheat, the way Dad did, this kind of stealing can cost him plenty. And there was just such a field of Dad's, with a man still working in it, right before our eyes.

While I was still staring, my father howled once more, and then threw open the car door on his side. He ran around the car, opened the door on my side, motioned me to move over and got behind the wheel. "Dad—" I began, and then my mouth flew open and away we went!

My father put his foot down on the gas, pointed the car *across* the road, and took off. We hit the ditch at the side at 30 mph and the field at 40. My head hit the top of the car and my arms went half out the window—and then I grabbed hold of the back of the seat and just hung on for dear life. We rattled and banged and flew and bounced and shook our way into the middle of that field. Finally Dad slammed on the brakes and flung himself out of the car to confront the guy who was doing the harvesting.

While Dad was chewing him out, I collected myself and got out of the car. I went round front—and I was aghast. All four tires were a mess. The grill was smashed to smithereens. The axle was wrecked. The paint job was thoroughly scratched. The windshield looked like it had been in a hail storm. The car was ruined forever, I moaned to myself. I got back into the front seat and burst into tears.

After a while Dad got done firing the guy, and came back to the car. I waited for him to get behind the wheel again, but he just gestured to me. "Come on," he said, "you know I'm too sick to drive!"

So I got behind the wheel and with tears still pouring down my face, coaxed the poor car back across the field, through that awful ditch, and on to the road again. Every now and then as the car limped home, coughing and groaning and threatening to fall apart any second, I'd steal a glance at Dad. He didn't seem to notice a thing.

All that night I tossed and turned. The garage mechanic had stared with real horror when he saw the wreck. I was sure it was beyond repair. I'd have to learn to get along without a car now.

The next morning the mechanic called. "Talk to him," Dad said, handing me the phone. "After all, it's your car."

I picked up the receiver. "Hi, Jack," I said. "You think you can sell it for scrap?"

"Scrap?" Jack said. "Good grief, Carolyn—what would you want to do that for? Why, when I get done with it, that car's going to be as good as new. It'll need a paint job, couple of repairs, maybe a new windshield. But you take a good heavy car like that—why, it's awful hard to wreck it. Though I must say your dad gave it the old college try. Will two weeks be too long for you to hitch rides to school?"

Well, I went back to the breakfast table 10 years older and wiser than I had been a few minutes before. I had just found out the importance of *quality*, and I guess that's the biggest thing any girl can learn. It helps you pick a car and a house and a career and a husband—it tells you the difference between what's for show and what's for blow. And the funny thing is, once you're old enough to know that, you're also old enough to get your own way some of the time.

Dad never said a word when I told him I wanted the new paint job white! ●

Annette Funicello stars next in Walt Disney's Horsemasters. Susan Kohner's next movie is U.A's By Love Possessed.

WHEN CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS

please notify us 6 weeks in advance. Supply us with both your old and new address, including address label from current issue, if possible. Copies we mail to your old address will not be delivered by the Post Office unless you pay them extra postage.

MAIL ADDRESS CHANGE TO MOTION PICTURE SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., GREENWICH, CONN.

and be sure to include your postal zone number.

Troy Donahue

Continued from page 49

Watching only her. Usually he was sure of having a good line, of being able to talk anyone into or out of anything. But now his tongue was dry in his mouth.

A man in a devil costume put his fingers on her arm; then he tried to take off her mask, but laughingly she pushed him away. Troy felt jealousy, hot and searing, well up within him. He clenched his fists and started towards them. Then he let his hands drop helplessly to his sides. What a fool he was! He didn't even know her name. He was acting like a love-sick calf. There were plenty of other girls at the party, beautiful girls. He'd show *her*. He'd have fun in spite of her!

A red-headed girl, costumed as Marie Antoinette, was dancing by in the arms of a bearded beatnik. Her eyes smiled at Troy, and immediately he tapped her partner on the shoulder and said, "May I cut in?"

The beatnik didn't turn around and he didn't let go of the girl. He mumbled, "Go way, man, whoever you are. Can't you see I'm . . . like flying . . . like in a dream. Don't wake me up, man. I'm . . . like so far out I never wanna come back." As he said this, however, he bumped into the punch table and had to turn around.

He looked up at Troy who, at six-feet-three and a half, towered above him. Then he let go of the girl and said, "Like I'm back on earth, man. She's yours . . ." and he poured himself a glass of punch.

The girl in Troy's arms was warm and cuddly. She rested her head dreamily on his shoulder as they danced. But as they moved around the room, he said to himself, ". . . like nothing," and his eyes never left the face of the *only* girl in the room—the beautiful blonde in the mask.

At the end of the dance, he retreated to his place by the wall. He looked at his watch. Five minutes to twelve. At midnight *she* must take off her mask. And the wild fluttering of his heart told him she would be even *more* beautiful than she was now.

Twelve o'clock. He walked towards her but the red-headed girl and the beatnik barred his way. She was pulling at his beard, saying, "Come on. It's time to be yourself."

"Ouch!" the beatnik cried, "like cut it out . . . I'm for real. The beard's *me*."

Any other time Troy would have laughed. But he pushed by them. He had to get to *her*.

But she wasn't there. His eyes searched the room wildly. Where was she? Then he saw her—or rather he saw her back. She was leaving, and the man in devil's costume had his arm around her.

Troy almost ran towards her. He knocked into something and tripped over someone down on all fours in a Lassie costume. He apologized hastily and went on. The front door was closing. He was too late. But at the last minute she turned and looked over her shoulder. Her eyes were even more wonderful than he had imagined.

He smiled at her—a blushing, embarrassed grin. She smiled back. Then she was gone.

For Troy Donahue the party was over. He went to get his coat. There was Lassie, standing up on his hind legs and reaching for his hat. "Can't get out of this costume 'til I get home," a man's voice confided to Troy. "My sister sewed me into it."

On an off-chance Troy asked him, "Do you know the blonde girl who just left? The beautiful one who wore a blue mask all evening. The one with all the fellows around her. She just went out—with a devil."

"Sure, I know her," the man in the dog-suit answered. "Her name's Lili Kardell."

All this happened more than four years ago, at the home of famous Hollywood astrologer Carroll Righter, not too long after Troy had come to the Coast from Bayport, Long Island, and Lili had arrived at the film capital from Norrköping, Sweden, by the way of New York. In the years that followed their first meeting, Lili and Troy would run into each other sometimes: at casting offices, on the way to or from acting lessons, at parties, premières and the studio. Usually Lili would be with some boy or other and Troy would be with a girl, and they'd nod to each other or smile, and that was that.

Then one day he saw her walking alone across the studio lot. This time there was no bearded beatnik and red-headed Marie Antoinette to bar his way, no man in Lassie suit to trip over, no mask to hide her lovely blue eyes. He walked after her, rehearsing on the way the scintillating words he was going to say, the brilliant speech with which he'd bowl her over.

She heard his footsteps behind her and turned to face him. His own cheeks blushed. He looked at the ground. Again, for the second time in his life, his tongue felt like a piece of dry Brillo in his mouth.

The words he'd wanted to say had all dried up, too. He opened his mouth to speak—and out came a squeak, a silly little squeak. If only he could turn into a tree—or a rock—or a piece of dirt! She was staring at him, waiting, without a smile. Thank goodness for that. If she smiled, if she laughed at him, he knew he'd die on the spot.

Then the words came, all wrong, tumbling over one another, nothing like he'd planned. "Could you . . . would you . . . may I . . . would it be possible . . . you wouldn't be able to eat lunch with me—now, today, would you?"

"I'm sorry," Lili answered, "I already have a date—and I'm late as it is." Now she smiled, warm and sweet. Then she hurried off. In a moment, like that night at the Halloween party, she'd be out of sight.

"Dinner tonight?" he called after her. "How 'bout dinner tonight?" This time, at least, his voice didn't squeak.

Her words floated back to him. "Can't. Busy." And then, as she turned the corner of the commissary and disappeared, he thought he heard her say—though he wasn't really sure—"Call me sometime."

Troy didn't call her. He thought about it lots. Twice he even got as far as picking up the phone. But both times he felt his tongue go dry in his mouth. He wasn't going to make a fool of himself *again*, so each time he hung up without dialing.

Besides, his career was zooming and he hardly had time to breathe. There was also the business of a new house—he'd rented one next to the apartment house where Hal Gefsky, who happened to be Lili Kardell's agent, lived. He spent lots of time fixing it up and furnishing it. And then there was Sally Todd.

Sally, whom he'd met while busy shooting *Surfside Six* and *Parrish*, Sally, who had searched all over Hollywood and found the house for him next to Hal's, Sally, with whom he'd swim in the pool next to his new place, or walk with on the beach, or take long drives with in the moonlight. Sally, who was his special girl that spring, and through the lazy summer, and on into the early fall.

In October *phfft*! His romance with Sally was over. He hit bottom. He felt empty, drained, useless. He tried dating a different girl every night, but it didn't work.

He retreated into his house, into the music on his hi-fi, into himself. Every night after work he'd go straight home. He'd throw together something for supper. Then he'd turn on the hi-fi, switch the volume up high and escape into music and dreams.

One night, in late October, he slid the supper dishes into the sink, making a promise to himself to wash them before he went to bed. But first he wanted to relax; he switched on the hi-fi; music filled the room. But even with the volume all the way up, the sound of the Ray Charles record couldn't drown out the noise of the rain beating down on the side of his house or the thunder crashing in the skies. The world outside was trying to get in.

He shivered and started a fire in the fireplace. Lightning flashed against his windowpanes, and the rain beat down furiously. More logs. He'd need a lot of them. He walked over to the entrance foyer where they were stacked and stooped over to pick some up. As he did this, he looked through the half-closed shutters and saw a car, a blue and white Ford, parked under his carport. Someone was sitting inside it.

"What a storm," he thought. "Didn't even hear the car drive in. The least I can do is ask him to come in and get warm." He opened his front door and stuck his head out into the rain.

It wasn't a "him" it was a "her." Not just any her, but *her*. Lili Kardell!

He dashed out and opened the door of her car. He didn't have time to think, to fumble for words, to give his tongue time to go dry in his mouth. "C'mon in and get warm," he yelled above the rain. "Please come in, quick, or I'll float away down the street and never be heard from again. . . . Even if I go back inside, I'll be afraid to be alone. Thunder scares me. You don't want to be responsible for my dying of fright, do you?"

Not the most original or brilliant lines he'd ever delivered, but what can you expect when you're competing with thunder and lightning and rain—and when you're talking to a dream suddenly come true?

"No, I don't want to be responsible," Lili replied. Then, as he helped her out of the car she added, smiling, "And I'm really awfully cold. I'd love to wait in your place—until Hal comes home."

When they got inside, Troy felt funny—as if he were suddenly a stranger in his own

house. "I'll get us something hot to drink," he said, and went out into the kitchen and put the kettle on the stove.

He came back a little later with two huge mugs of hot coffee on a tray. As he entered the living room, Lili was standing with her back to him, warming her hands in front of the fireplace. Somehow he'd thought she was taller, but now he realized she couldn't be more than five-feet-four. She turned slowly as she heard his footsteps. Whisps of blonde hair hung down on her forehead; one tiny raindrop inched slowly down her cheek.

"I'm a mess," she said.

"No, no . . . you're beautiful," Troy replied.

A smile lit up her face, warmed the room, shut out the storm, and melted his shyness. They drank the coffee. Troy turned down the volume on the hi-fi. Then they began to talk.

It wasn't glib chatter. It just seemed that each wanted to reveal himself to the other—directly, honestly, without sophisticated icing. If Lili's agent came home to his apartment, she never knew it. If the same record played on the phonograph over and over again, Troy couldn't hear or didn't care. Each was absorbed completely in the other. For the rest of the world, the clock ticked on; for Lili Kardell and Troy Donahue time stood still.

Lili poured out her heart to him. She shared her memories of her girlhood in Sweden, and told him all about her parents who still lived there. He learned about her discovery of America and her attempts to establish herself in Hollywood as an actress.

She talked about Jimmy Dean—Jimmy, the boy she'd dated steadily before his death. She'd refused—even when offered large sums of money by editors and publishers—to allow her personal memories of her relationship with Jimmy to be put in print. But now, as the rain splashed down outside, she told Troy all about Jimmy, and Troy felt humble to hear all about the boy he'd always admired but never met.

Finally, she talked about Peter Paxton. This was the most difficult matter for her to discuss, and her words came slowly and painfully. She'd married Peter in the summer of 1958. The marriage had lasted just a year, and then they'd separated. Their divorce would become final next month.

That's why she'd driven over to Hal's place tonight. He was her agent and he was also her friend. She'd been feeling blue. Her life was a mess, all mixed up. She'd needed someone to talk to. It wasn't good to keep your troubles locked inside yourself. No good at all.

"Someone to talk to"—and suddenly Troy was no longer listening but began talking himself. The words poured out, torrents of words. He didn't tell her about all the girls he'd known, about Nan Morris, Judi Meredith, Diane McBain, Connie Stevens, Joan Staley, Tuesday Weld, Sandra Dee and Sharon Hugueny, but he did tell her about Sally—and about how miserable it was to be lonely and alone.

Sometime during the night while he was talking, the agony of loneliness showed naked on his face. Lili's hand reached out for his in sympathy and understanding. Troy's fingers locked with hers, and he did not let go.

The embers in the fireplace were dead, but yet there was light in the room. Not just the dawn peeping in the window, but also the smile on Lili's face. And the smile on Troy's face, too.

That night they had dinner together—that night, and the next night, and all the other nights when they weren't separated by location trips. In November they celebrated Thanksgiving together. In December, just before Troy left by plane for a personal appearance in Miami, he asked her not to date anyone else while he was away. She answered softly, "I don't want to date anyone else again—ever."

When Troy returned to Hollywood, they went Christmas shopping together. As Lili says, "Troy goes mad in stores. He's like a child. He wants to buy everything. When he went shopping, I'd tag along to keep him from going wild."

Yet somehow Troy managed to sneak away from Lili on one of their shopping sprees and buy something specially for her which he gave her on Christmas Eve—a deep wine heavy ski sweater. Perhaps Lili "arranged" for him to sneak away, for while he was buying her present she was buying him gifts—a sweater, too, and a tape recorder. He really flipped over the tape recorder, and kept raving about it all through the smörgåsbord Christmas dinner she'd prepared herself—for the two of them, and for Troy's mother, sister and grandmother.

On Christmas Day Troy gave Lili the biggest surprise of all. He placed a call to Sweden so that she could wish her parents a happy holiday. Just before the call went through, he asked Lili to write out a few lines for him in Swedish. After Lili had talked to them for a few minutes, he got on the phone and said, *"Hej, jag ar Troy, hur mår ni? Jag hoppás vi skall mö tas snart. God jul ocr gott ny tt ar"* (which roughly translated means: "Hi, I'm Troy, how are you? Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. I'm looking forward to seeing you soon").

About this time the gossips and the advisers took over. The gossips, on the one hand, whispered that Troy would never stick to one girl, that he was in love with love, that he could never be serious. The advisers, on the other hand, thought that he *was* serious—that's why they gave him advice. "Marriage will hurt your career," they warned. "Your fans won't stand for it. The day you get married your career will die."

Troy thought about it, then one day in late January, just as Lili was about to stroke a three-foot putt towards the cup on the eighteenth hole of the El Dorado golf course at Palm Springs, he acted. He did what he had wanted to do ever since that night, more than four years before, when he first saw a beautiful blonde girl at a Halloween party. "Lili," he asked, "will you marry me?"

The putter met the ball; the ball dribbled towards the cup and missed. Then Lili raised her head and smiled as if she'd made a hole-in-one. "Yes, yes . . . oh, yes, Troy, of course, you know I will," she said.

They agreed to keep their engagement a secret, but when a rumor spread around that they'd eloped, they had to let the cat out of the bag. They *were* engaged. They *were* planning to be married as soon as possible, maybe within six months.

A close friend puts it this way: "In some ways it *is* a peculiar engagement. Usually the engagement period is the time for a young couple to shop for furniture, look for a place to live, meet each other's in-laws, and make wedding arrangements. But this isn't the way it is with Lili and Troy."

"An engagement," says Troy, "is a time in which two people who think they want to get married go through a period of finding out whether they're actually ready for such a move. It is a period of great fondness, closeness and mutual understanding. If this period doesn't continue, then they become just friends. . . . A year ago I wasn't mature enough. I wasn't ready to accept the responsibility of marriage. Today I am. I'm normal. Like everybody else in this frantic world I seek happiness. Love, true love, may not be right for the cynics, but it's right for me."

His is a provocative notion of what an engagement is, combined with a romantic conception of what love ought to be. It will take a wise and understanding girl to appreciate and accept the mixture of idealism and realism in a boy who makes a statement like that. And Lili *is* such a girl.

Here's what she says about Troy. "Why did I fall in love with Troy? Well, on that rainy night when we first talked together I suddenly realized this person whom I'd considered just another handsome boy-around-town was really warm, understanding, and had a really fine, sharp mind and a keen wit. . . . I know Troy well. I know his moods, his short-fused temper, his little-boy quality that sometimes makes him do and say things he doesn't mean. In fact it's this very combination of strong, grown-up man and charming boyishness that is so appealing about him.

"I love Troy and I understand him so well that I'll tell you something, something that may shock you. When we're married, if some night he doesn't come home right on time, or if I hear he took some other girl to lunch or something, it might hurt me inside but I wouldn't go off the deep end. Troy is very attractive, and girls naturally flock around him. Let's face it: he's human and he likes attention. But I know that I'm secure in his love, and even if he did something foolish I'd understand and forgive him. I'd know he wasn't going to make a habit of staying out late, or anything, or else I would be mad. But if once in a while he should flirt or look elsewhere, I'd take it in stride. *Our love is not the kind that will ever be tossed away.*"

A boy who believes the engagement period is a testing-time for marriage and a girl who won't mind if her husband flirts with others after they're married; a boy who wants a big Church wedding, with all his relatives and all her relatives present (yes, he'll bring them over from Sweden); and a girl who doesn't have a ring yet and definitely doesn't want a diamond ("they're too expensive and there are more important things to spend money on"); Lili Kardell and Troy Donahue, may just *confound* the gossips by actually getting married and *confuse* the cynics by making their marriage work.—BY LISA REYNOLDS

Troy is in Warners' Parrish and Susan Slade. He can be seen weekly on ABC-TV's Surfside Six.

Debbie Reynolds

Continued from page 40

hers was the world's worst advertisement for his business. Since marriage, Harry's been rapidly adjusting to the fact that there's small likelihood of the shoe business improving—at home.

The phone rang, and Debbie bare-footed it across the den to talk to her husband about another meeting with the architects to go over the final blueprints for the new Karl home being built in Beverly Hills.

Since their return from Jamaica, life has revolved around the blueprints, with a maze of lines and squares and figures that will one day add up to their dream house.

"Neither Harry nor I have ever built a house before. And it's a JOB to build a house you plan to live in the rest of your life."

No problems? As we talked (this was Debbie's first interview since returning from their vacation and delayed honeymoon), the phone was ringing constantly with some matter for Debbie's decision. Mrs. Karl was up to the top of her cute blonde bouffant hair-do in problems. But none of them came under the heading of Harry.

Debbie was without a cook, and the agencies were calling to set up appointments for her to interview prospective chefs. In addition, she was expecting Harry's mother and stepfather and her own parents and grandmother for a Mexican dinner that evening. Her mother, Maxene Reynolds, was bringing the dinner—fortunately. "My mother cooks the *greatest* Mexican food! Harry and I have been dying for some," she said.

Debbie was also in the midst of arranging a West Coast fashion show for her *Debbie Reynolds Originals*. Swatches of materials and designs were arriving hourly for her approval before they could be made up for next season's line.

Seven children in Carrie's class in school had the measles "and it's the twelve-day measles, not the three-day kind," Debbie worried. "Carrie had a little temperature for a few days, but nothing has come of it . . . yet."

Furthermore, the city had declared open warfare on Debbie's block in Holmby Hills. They were repairing the street and really blasting up a storm outside. From the sounds out front, they were bringing up their heaviest artillery right under the windows where Toddie and Carrie were having their afternoon naps.

As if on cue, an awakened drowsy-faced little doll came into the den in her red and white pajamas. Debbie took Carrie on her lap and smoothed her hair tenderly. "Did you sleep any, Baby?" she asked hopefully, feeling her warm head. "Did you have pretty dreams?"

As for Debbie's dream-house, the problems there were just beginning. "We're just selecting the woods and the flooring and the exterior—nothing interior yet," she said. "We're still in the planning stages really. It takes a long time to plan a house because you don't want to make any mistakes. At least you try not to make any—that certainly doesn't mean we won't. Harry's always purchased his houses and I've either rented or bought, so we're both rather new at the building game."

The house, which Debbie describes as "an English country home with a contemporary feeling," will be built on the two-acre lot they bought some time ago on a palm-lined street near the Beverly Hills Hotel. With a few variations it will be—finally—the dream-house Debbie's been planning since she was 17.

"I've always liked English country houses, but ours will be one-story and a little more contemporary than houses I used to look at. It will have the warmth of an old English house, but instead of red brick we're using blonde stone. I like an airy house, so ours will be very open and almost modern, as far as the windows and the back exterior are concerned.

"And Carrie's going to have a pretty bedroom in the new house," Debbie said. "Aren't you, Baby?"

And therein lies one of her biggest problems in planning a dream-house for four . . . forever! As Debbie and Harry worked their way through the blueprints, they had to envision the children as teen-agers and plan the house so it could fill every lively need of their growing years.

As Debbie said, "Harry and I've planned to live in this house forever. So we have to plan for now and for the future. We must decide how big the rooms should be, how large to make the play-yard and the pool—or whether we even want a pool . . . we still haven't decided about that."

Somewhere within the blueprints Harry's already lost a planned steam room, and Debbie's and Carrie's closet space has expanded considerably. "We ruled out a steam room for Harry because he goes to the club anyway," Debbie explains. "And we've ruled out a few other unnecessary things." But they haven't ruled out dressing rooms. "Harry will have a spacious dressing room and I'll have a huge one because I never have enough room for anything.

"But the whole house will have lots of closet space because I've found that no house ever has enough. I'm such a saver—I save *everything*," Debbie smiled, as she quickly looked in the direction of her old French horn, a memento from Burbank High, which has a special niche in the den. And, she also revealed that somewhere upstairs—in a crowded closet—were the uniforms she once wore at Girl Scout Camp.

It will come as a surprise to those who stressed that Karl's millions were what attracted Debbie, to learn that her dream-house will be small enough for Debbie to take care of herself.

"I don't want a big house," Debbie said. "Just a lovely functional home—probably with four bedrooms. I want to be able to take care of our house myself if the help should walk out one day. I don't want to feel I could never run our house without help. My mother always ran her house without anybody, and there's no reason why I shouldn't be able to do this with our home, if need be.

"I'm not going to live any more elaborately than I have been," Debbie went on. "I've been working since I was a teen-ager, and financially I've been able to live more or less as I've wanted to for years. And I'm living the same way now. That's the only way I want to live. I don't care to live any differently.

"I've always been a saver," adds Debbie. "That's the way I was raised, the way I am and how I'll continue to be. I'm not a spendthrift and neither is my husband, contrary to some articles that have been written."

Debbie and Harry intend to start their own family "in about two years." But there couldn't be a warmer relationship by blood than that which exists between Harry and Carrie and Todd.

After their marriage, Debbie and Harry held a miniature wedding ceremony at home so Carrie and Todd could understand marriage and feel they were part of the whole thing.

"We played 'Bride And Groom,' in the living room. We explained to them Mommy was the bride and Harry was the groom, and they stood in for us. Carrie wore a veil and Toddie walked with her and Rudi (Debbie's accompanist and secretary) played *Here Comes The Bride*. To the children it was fun and wonderful and warm. They were very excited about it."

It was Harry who insisted Carrie and Toddie join them in the Caribbean on their delayed honeymoon. As Debbie said, "A week is about as long as I can be away from the children—then I miss them so terribly I just have to be with them. And Harry is the same way."

Carrie and Toddie, for their part, were thoroughly enchanted with the whole idea of flying to Jamaica to join their mommy and Harry—until they discovered there was no television there and they couldn't keep up with *Captain Kangaroo*.

Toddie had been impressed with the adventure of it all, even including being inoculated with a large shot of gamogloblin beforehand, "to protect him against hepatitis or malaria or a fever of any kind," Debbie explained. Proud Todd would happily tell everyone, "The doctah gave me a candy sucker and then he stuck me—SEE?"—and he'd bare a hip for closer inspection.

An excited Carrie and Todd arrived safely in Jamaica with Maxene and Ray Reynolds. Toddie brought his favorite toy, a screwboard and some screws. Carrie had a little suitcase full of toys, and she was carrying "Angel," her beloved doll.

The children walked into their room at the hotel, looked all around the room, then turned startled eyes to their mom and asked, "Where's the television?"

"They watch television an hour a day at the most here at home," Debbie says. "They watch *Captain Kangaroo* in the morning, and sometimes they watch cartoons like *Pop Eye* in the evening. We explained they didn't have television in the Islands, but they had the beaches and the sunshine and that we all could have a grand time looking for sea shells.

"Then, suddenly, out of season, the rains came—and came—and came!

"It poured for two straight days—well, it hurricaned really," Debbie recalled. "The wind was so terrific we couldn't go out of the hotel because we'd get knocked right

over. We had to eat in our rooms, because the dining room at the Half Moon is outside. The children couldn't leave their hotel room for two full days."

In those two days Debbie gave the performance of her life—supported by Harry. "We played everything—but there are only so many things you can play," she laughed. "We acted out every fairy tale we could think of, we played every game, sang every song, read every book and even took three baths a day. We played 'house' with them, making a house by turning the chairs over and putting the bedspread over the chairs. Then they got tired of that, too. Harry and I were really ready for television."

But when the rains stopped, the island became a paradise.

Debbie and Harry learned to master a paddleboat, with an excited Carrie and Todd riding in the rumble seat. They went deep-sea fishing with her dad one day. "Harry isn't much of a fisherman and I don't like to fish at all," admits Debbie. "We just went along to keep my father company."

But they spent most of their time playing with the children on the beach in front of the hotel, sunning themselves in contour chairs and helping Todd and Carrie dry out sea shells and other treasures they found on the sand.

When the sun went down, Toddie would ask, "Where's *Pop Eye*?" And it was Harry who finally suggested to his bride, "Let's go back to Florida where the kids can have TV."

"We had a wonderful time in Miami Beach but Carrie finally wanted to come home to her 'very own little bed with the ruffles,' didn't you, Baby?" Debbie asked as she kissed her daughter.

Whenever they're away from home, Carrie's always anxious to get back to her little white four-poster bed with the white organdy canopy and the organdy ruffled bedspread which her grandmother made for her for her birthday.

Toddie always yearns to return home, too, but for a different reason—he misses his carpenter's bench. Todd's ambition is to be a carpenter like Debbie's father. At home Toddie's a very busy little man with his screwdriver—removing brackets, light switches or anything else he can.

And when Harry noted his bride drawing floor plans in the sand, he knew Debbie would be happier back home building their dream house. They're all happiest at home—Harry included.

"A more wonderful husband, or father, or homebody, you couldn't find," Debbie says happily. "There have been remarks in some stories about Harry that are completely unwarranted, untrue and ridiculous. They've even said Harry's a playboy. Well, we go out very little—we're always home. No husband could be more of a homebody."

And nobody could be happier about it than Debbie.

Todd and Harry usually begin the family's evening together by having "a small one" in the den when Harry Karl gets home from the office.

This is a custom that jolted the natives in Jamaica. One afternoon they were ordering cold drinks and, as usual, Carrie ordered a "Shirley Temple." "I want a martini," ordered Todd, without batting an eye. His mother hastily explained that a "martini" was a Seven-Up with either an olive or a cherry.

Debbie and Harry usually have dinner with the children, and their favorite evenings are spent playing with Carrie and Todd. "We play records and dance with the children, or we bang on the piano or something," smiles Debbie.

Sometimes Carrie performs. She'll sing a French song like *Ainsi Font Les Marionettes*—which her mother has difficulty pronouncing. "Carrie speaks the French, I don't," she laughed.

"Carrie knows a number of little French songs," Debbie said proudly. "They speak French in school. They start them at this age, and it's amazing! She knows about sixty words in French now. I wish I'd taken French when I went to school. It's so important to know foreign languages—the way the world is shrinking today."

And it's imperative to know them at home—if there's going to be complete togetherness. Carrie's been teaching a few words to her brother, and now Toddie's speaking a little French, too. Debbie's French housekeeper, Yvette, is helping them along, teaching them additional words. Now Carrie and Todd speak only French at the breakfast table. Yvette chatters to them in French about their food, and they ask for what they want in French. Debbie and Harry feel pretty much out of it.

"Harry and I are going to start taking French lessons now," Debbie revealed. "Yvette's going to give us lessons three times a week, and we'll speak only French in the house. That's the only way you can learn." And she adds, "It should be a very interesting house."

Debbie speaks with warmth and affection of Harry's children by a former marriage, and of her hope that all the children can have a family closeness as time goes on.

"Harry has four children, and we see them as much as possible," Debbie said warmly. "That's a broken home also, and naturally one parent doesn't see the children as much as he'd like to—but we do see them. He has a wonderful little boy, Harrison, and a very sweet little girl, Dee Dee, who are ten years old. They're wonderful children, and Carrie and Toddie are crazy about them. Then there's Tina, who's the same age as Carrie, and his grown daughter, Judy. I hope the children will all grow closer together as the years go by."

Debbie's children are devoted to Harry's mother, Rose Rubell, whom they affectionately address as "Grandma Rose."

"We have a warm and full life together," Debbie said seriously. "We share so much besides our own deep love for one another."

They're both fighting fans of the Los Angeles Dodgers and mad about baseball. "I love tennis, and we're going to start playing tennis together," Debbie enthused. The one sport they don't share is golf.

"Golf is Harry's main game, and I've never taken it up, really," she says. "I've never had time. It's a very difficult game and you have to play every day if you're going to learn. It's so involved—how to putt, whether to hit with this iron or that wood, and so on. I'm going to take up golf when I have time—which may never be," Debbie laughed.

They share an interest in art, although as Debbie said, "We're just starting to collect pictures—neither of us has ever been too versed on art." They both love music, and they're both musicians—in a manner of speaking. "Harry used to play the trumpet when he was a young boy, and I used to play the French horn," laughed Debbie, "so there's common cause there!"

For all the grim warnings voiced and written about their age difference, Debbie says there's no problem there.

"As far as the actual age difference in years—what are years?" a serious Debbie asked. "Age difference can't be applied to everybody. I feel a man doesn't have to reach a certain age to mature. Some men mature young; some women mature young. And this business is great in helping a girl mature very young.

"If you're in this business—and I've been in it since I was sixteen—you're with older, more mature people, and you've had to grow up faster. I found it very stimulating—but very hard.

"As a young girl you're associating with men in their fifties and sixties or seventies, and with women who are like thirty, forty, and so on. They're far more intelligent than you and they know miles more than you know. But the fact that you're with them every day gives you an incentive to learn. And you do learn because of these people—and from these people."

And as you learn, Debbie said, the age difference diminishes.

In the same vein, there's no problem adjusting to Harry's life or to his friends.

"I'd already met most of Harry's friends through one friend or another. I'd been with them and at the same parties. I didn't know them perhaps as well as I will know them now," Debbie added. "We haven't had time to have any dinner parties or have any friends over yet, or anything like that. But as time goes on, I hope to form our own circle of friends. Married people always do."

One thing is certain, Debbie has no intention of allowing her career to interfere with her personal life—or their personal happiness. "I won't be as active in my career as I have been the last two years. I'll still make two pictures a year, and that's plenty. I wouldn't think of making a movie on location or of being away from my family. I just won't do that.

"When I was married to Eddie I worked very little, as you'll remember," Debbie continued. "I wouldn't take locations then. I don't believe it's possible to be separated and have a marriage. Not for me, anyway. I'm completely unhappy without my family, and it's ridiculous to consider working away from those you love—when you have that emptiness.

"Harry and I have a good marriage," Debbie said radiantly. "We just don't have any problems."

Debbie Reynolds has found happiness with a depth and security she's never known before. For Debbie today, tomorrow and always, happiness is a guy named Harry.

—BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Debbie is in Paramount's The Pleasure Of His Company, MGM's How The West Was Won and Columbia's Try, Try Again.

Liz Taylor

Continued from page 36

makes up her face—rouge, lipstick, eyebrow pencil. Then, frightened at her own audacity, she walks quickly to the crowded studio commissary.

As she flounces past the tables, every man in the room turns to stare at her. Her huge violet-blue, double-lashed eyes sparkle. She swings her coal-black hair as she moves. Her low-cut blouse and tight skirt make one thing amply evident. Elizabeth Taylor, at 14, is a woman.

Not just a woman, but a beautiful woman. As one MGM official put it, "I have known some of the most beautiful women in the world, but she is the most beautiful I have ever seen."

The studio and her mother close ranks to protect this beautiful property. They screen her dates, and all the males who ask her out are found wanting. They are either too young or too old; too famous or too unknown; too handsome or too unphotogenic.

When they finally allow her to date, it is only on studio-arranged, heavily chaperoned, publicity affairs.

The camera eye—the still camera instead of the movie camera—is always focused on her. How can you be natural with a boy when a chaperone is always with you? How can you really talk to a boy if a reporter is jotting down your every word? How can a boy get up the courage to kiss you—*when you want him to kiss you*—when a cameraman is there every moment waiting to catch the clinch?

She doesn't have a real "alone with a boy" date until she is almost 17. Oh, sure, she goes to a party when she is 16, Roddy McDowall's birthday party, but she goes alone, and returns home alone, and no one asks her to dance all evening. In the eyes of the boys, she is too beautiful, too famous, too perfect.

She wants to run away, to become just another girl, to escape the incessant glare of the camera eye. But she doesn't know where to run, or how to run, and she is afraid. But her brother Howard has found the way. When your mother arranges a screen test for him, he shows up for it all right, but first he shaves off all his hair. This accomplishes two things at once: it stops the screen test then and there; it discourages his mother and she never speaks of a movie career for him again.

But Liz has no such direct methods of rebellion. She can only stew inside and sulk. She is so over-protected, over-pampered and over-directed that she just doesn't know how to deal with other people at all. She makes appointments and breaks them, or she shows up very late.

When someone asked her what she did during the period before she showed up late for a date, she was quoted, "What do I do for so long? Well, I tint my fingernails, then my toenails, I cut my hair. I pluck my brows. I brush and rebrush my hair. Also, I do all my daydreaming when I'm waking up. I sit with lipstick in hand reliving a scene that took place last week, wishing I'd said this instead of that."

Only her daydreams are her own. When she sneezes, the world says, "God Bless You." When she says "hello" to a boy, the columnists report the next day that she is engaged. She goes out with Glenn Davis just seven times, and the papers say they are about to elope. Her romance with William D. Pawley, Jr., is covered on the front pages of every newspaper. Sometimes it seems that if she and Bill might somehow manage to slip away to an uninhabited desert island, a photographer would be sure to be waiting there for them when they step off the boat. In a gale of publicity she and Bill are engaged; in a tornado of newsprint they finally announce their "disengagement."

Nevertheless, all this is just a mild breeze compared to the cyclonic hoopla that marks her actual wedding—to Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Jr., two months after her eighteenth birthday. "All my life, since I was a little girl," Liz once complained, "people have been saying to me, 'Go there, do this, say that, wear this, don't do that!' " And if her wedding to Nicky is a typical example, then her complaint is really an understatement.

The wedding is produced, directed, scripted, edited, processed, publicized, advertised and distributed by MGM. The cameras click incessantly during the engagement, during the ceremony, and during the honeymoon. Seeing through the eyes of hundreds of cameras, millions of people everywhere—by means of photographs in their newspapers and magazines—share the couple's intimate moments.

Liz takes a half-dozen pretty kitchen aprons along with her on their Riviera honeymoon. She probably has a dream of being a dutiful housewife to Nicky—cooking his meals, darning his socks, keeping his house. But she never gets a chance to take the pretty aprons out of the trunk. The marriage is a failure from the start.

Nicky stays up half the night gambling and sleeps half the day. Ed Sullivan's daughter Betty, a bridesmaid at the wedding, runs into them in Europe and later reports, "Once, I saw him come downstairs after he had gotten up in the afternoon, and Liz skipped across the lobby to throw her arms around him. He shrugged her off." And always, wherever they go, the probing, merciless eye of the camera records the collapse of their marriage, the shattering of her dreams of innocence.

Brush with death over, wan Liz left London Clinic for warm California climate.

The camera eye blinks incessantly at her divorce eight months after her wedding. These are the first haunted and haunting pictures of Liz Taylor—the first of a whole series of such photos that will mark her torment and tragedy down through the years. An unbelievably beautiful face—but too thin, too pale, and much too sad for a girl who is still just 18.

Peter Rabbit is dead. Prince Charming is a delusion. Cinderella has nothing to believe in. Liz becomes a young gypsy, moving from friend's house to friend's house, searching for something she can't put into words, running desperately away from the camera eye. The wear and tear on her body and mind during this hectic effort to discover herself is almost disastrous. She smokes cigarettes one after another, lighting a new one with the still burning butt of the last one. Her weight is dangerously low, 20 pounds less than when she got married. And she develops stomach cramps which are diagnosed as colitis. Colitis—a painful, frightening condition that lands her in the hospital and forces her to go on a strict diet of bland baby foods.

But even serious illness doesn't protect her from the blinking eye. For her, "privacy" is a meaningless word in the dictionary. Each gesture she makes is recorded on film and immediately passed on to the public. If someone had been able to steal her hospital X rays, they, too, would have been duly reproduced and printed for all to see.

"The trouble," said Eddie Fisher many years later, "is that people have always considered Elizabeth as a great star and a great actress and have given very little consideration to her as a human being."

Her stomach trouble ceases and she throws away her baby food as soon as she meets Mike Wilding in London, in 1951. He is suave, he is sophisticated, he is handsome, and he is an "older man"—20 years older, to be exact. When they are married in London's Caxton Hall registry office on February 21, 1952, a week before her twentieth birthday, the cameras are grinding and clinking away, and within a matter of hours the still photos of the wedding are on the front pages of newspapers throughout the world, and the newsreel pictures are in the processing tank—and then on their way to the theaters everywhere.

Marriage for Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding is like living in a fish bowl in a store window. People are always looking in—not directly, of course, but through the eyes of the ever-present cameras. There is no escape. The price of fame, the price of beauty, the price of stardom is that you become public property. Not even Liz' heart is her own.

The news of the birth of her first child, Michael, is splashed so thoroughly across the front pages of the newspapers of the world that one thinks, at first glance, that a Messiah has been born. It seems impossible that her second pregnancy and birth could command the same miles of newsprint, but they do. Every detail of the birth itself is

made public, even to the fact that the obstetrician had, at her request, induced a birth, by Caesarean section, so that the baby would arrive on her twenty-third birthday.

When her marriage collapses, the cameras are there to photograph the ruins. And when a new Mike—Mike Todd—comes into her life, the public knows about it almost before Liz does herself.

"What Mike Todd did," Liz Taylor has since said, "was to teach me how to love." But he did something even more important—he taught her how to laugh. To him, the clicking eye of the camera isn't threatening; it is silly and funny, something to put up with. All they can do is record surfaces—superficial gestures, outward movement, meaningless expressions. Even an X-ray machine can't capture the feelings and emotions within the human heart.

Mike's energy, optimism and love overcome Liz' doubts and fears. Life is a wonderful circus: He is the Ringmaster and she is the Queen. If she wants something, he snaps his whip and it is hers. If she says, "I want the stars," he has a fistful of them made for her—from diamonds that light up the darkness.

But even Mike, with the magic of love, can't laugh away the evil eye of the camera eye forever. In December of 1956, two months before they are married, Liz is taken to Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City and undergoes surgery for a herniated disc and spinal fusion—a condition that some people claim dates back to her fall from the horse when she was making *National Velvet*.

This is a dangerous operation, lasting several hours, with the horrible possibility always present that the patient may become permanently paralyzed. As a bone specialist comments shortly after the surgery, "Even after proper healing in the spine, there is the danger that a sudden strain will cause herniated discs both above and below the old one."

Yet, the demanding camera eye shows no concern for the seriousness of the situation. Cameramen try to sneak into the hospital and take pictures. One photographer rents a room in the vicinity of the hospital and trains his high-powered, long-range lenses on Liz' private room.

To a world hungry for news, Liz isn't a woman, she is a star.

When they are married on February 2, 1957, in an out-of-the-way Mexican village outside Acapulco, the camera eye is clicking away again. Mike can make stars out of diamonds, and millions of dollars out of faith in a picture, *Around The World In 80 Days*, but he can't silence the click of the camera. Liz is in a painful brace. She can barely move. Yet, the camera records her every grimace, her every twinge of pain, her every crippled step.

It is worse, much worse, when their daughter Liza is born prematurely. Words and pictures, pictures and words, deluge the United States and the rest of the world. Every intimate particular of the child's struggle for life is passed on to the waiting public, like the latest episode of a soap opera serial. For 14 minutes, a resuscitator forces air into the lungs of the lifeless child,

[*Please turn the page*]

YOU KEEP IN TOUCH WITH LIFE —AND LOVE —when you read the NEW

TRUE Confessions
Your magazine for a better life
JUNE • 25¢
Money Quarrels Can Wreck Your Marriage
See page 4
THE RIGHT BOY FOR ME
How could I know—for sure?
UNDERAGE PARENTS
Help us, someone—or they'll take our babies away

Only True Confessions brings you exciting stories of modern living *plus* a giant bonus book-length story every month. Only True Confessions brings love into your life to stay!

Get the most out of living! Be sure *you* read

★ THE RIGHT BOY FOR ME

★ UNDERAGE PARENTS

★ MONEY QUARRELS CAN WRECK YOUR MARRIAGE

—and the many, many other thrilling stories coming to you

in June TRUE CONFESSIONS
On sale NOW!

and Liz' anxious fans learn all about those anxious 14 minutes before she does.

As the tiny baby finally breathes on her own and is being carried to a waiting incubator, Mike Todd is handed a note. He reads it quickly, curses and tears pour from his eyes. The note is a request from a photographer asking whether he can be the first one to "take the baby's picture." Mike rips the note into a hundred pieces, but his tears don't stop.

Ironically, it is a bad cold that is to save Liz from death. She is supposed to fly to New York with Mike on their private plane, "The Lucky Liz," but a 102-degree temperature keeps her at home. It is there, in the house they share together, that she receives the news that the plane has crashed in the mountains of New Mexico and her husband is dead.

With his death, part of her dies, too.

But the baleful camera eye respects neither Mike's death nor Liz' grief. It travels to the New Mexico mountains and photographs the mangled wreckage of "The Lucky Liz." It journeys to the funeral in Chicago and exposes her grief to the world as she weeps over his coffin. Thousands in the crowd surge forward on the cemetery grass, dropping candy wrappers, hot dog buns and ice cream sticks in their eagerness to get close to the helpless widow.

Worse is yet to come. The camera eye isn't present that Labor-Day weekend of 1958 when Liz Taylor, Mike Todd's widow, and Eddie Fisher, Mike Todd's best friend, fall in love. But the crowd is. They eat dinner together in the main dining room at Grossinger's, and almost 1,500 men and women slowly file past their table and stare.

When the news of their romance hits the headlines, the camera's eye closes in on them again. It would seem that divorce was never known until the day Eddie Fisher divorces Debbie Reynolds, and that a widow had never loved again until the moment Liz Taylor falls in love with Eddie Fisher.

The cameras follow them everywhere. Photographers climb up the walls of her Hollywood home, try to bribe the guards to let them in, and wait through the day and night for some sign of Eddie or Liz. It doesn't matter that Eddie swears his marriage to Debbie was finished even *before* he went out with Liz in New York. It doesn't matter that Liz insists they sought each other out because of their mutual agony in the wake of Mike's death, and that love came later—unexpectedly. The public, almost to a person, is shocked. And yet, the public demands photographs.

A star belongs in the heavens, bigger than life, better than life, and the public refuses to permit Liz Taylor to be human and capable of weakness and error. When Eddie and Liz go to Las Vegas, where he has a singing engagement, and she rents a ranch nearby, the camera eye follows. Again Liz is afraid to leave the house. And well she might be, for downtown, in front of the night club where Eddie is performing, a band of pickets march back and forth carrying crude signs—mostly directed at Liz, and shout accusations against both Liz and Eddie.

The cameras duly record the scene, and the signs—with their vulgar messages—are seen in newspapers in every state.

On May 12, 1959, the cameras click again. But this time, neither Liz nor Eddie care. They are too deliriously happy. On that day, Liz Taylor becomes Mrs. Eddie Fisher in a 15-minute ceremony in a Las Vegas synagogue. Her feelings toward him are summed up in the inscription on a watch she gives him after the wedding, *"I love and need you with my life for the rest of time."*

But if anything, their marriage increases the public's demand for more . . . and more . . . and more news about them. Whenever they leave their borrowed honeymoon yacht to go ashore for a few hours, the camera eye is waiting.

In June, the British press goes out of its way to attack them. In July, when they arrive in Paris, the Parisian papers take up where the British press left off. In Spain, in August, even when they try to hide in out-of-the-way Costa Brava near Bagur, the crowds discover them and come to gape and glare while they are picnicking or swimming.

It is the children—Michael and Christopher—who are terrorized by the camera eye in September. A swarm of reporters and photographers descend on them at the London Airport and begin firing questions and snapping pictures. It is Eddie who rushes over and rescues them.

Back in the U. S. in November, Eddie appears in a "comeback" engagement at the Waldorf Astoria. Liz invites 70 friends to the opening night performance, and she picks up the check of $1,500. Eddie is a smash success that night and on the nights that follow.

But on Thanksgiving Day, they have little to be thankful for. Liz is rushed to the hospital with double pneumonia. She'd been suffering coughing fits and running a temperature ever since Eddie's opening at the Waldorf, but she'd kept the facts to herself so as not to worry him.

Her condition, the doctors say, is critical. More difficulty in breathing than is normal even for pneumonia, more congestion than usual. In the days that follow, while Eddie commutes from the Waldorf to the Harkness Pavilion and spends the night in the room adjoining hers, Liz fights courageously against the deadly disease. And now, as in the past, the camera eye does not leave them alone.

Photographers hound Eddie, following him from hotel to hospital and from hospital to hotel. One cameraman demands to be allowed to take Liz' picture, otherwise his paper will print an old picture of her in a hospital bed and claim it had just been taken. Eddie's reply to this demand would have made Mike Todd proud of him.

When Liz walks out of the hospital on Eddie's arm on December 13, the cameramen are lined up waiting for them. Weak and wan, Liz tries to smile. And the cameras keep clicking . . . clicking . . . clicking.

She is able to smile feebly that night early in April of 1960 when the Academy awards are announced. The year before she'd been nominated for *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*, but the gossip raging about her and Eddie had turned public opinion against her, and she'd lost. Now, she's been nominated for her role in *Suddenly Last Summer*, and is waiting in the audience of the Pantages Theater for the "best actress" announcement. She holds her breath as the card is slipped out of the envelope, and then the name rings out, "Simone Signoret."

At that moment, the large red eye of the television camera is trained on her. The eye must be served; the public must have it's "good loser." Liz Taylor smiles, a feeble smile at first, but then it widens and warms as the blinking eye moves in close. A star must twinkle, a star must shine, a star cannot be tarnished or dull.

In the fall of 1960, the eyes of the cameras close in on Liz again. She is in London to make *Cleopatra* and the picture is delayed again and again because of her illnesses. Every time she leaves the Dorchester Hotel to visit a doctor or go to the hospital, the photographers are waiting. And when she comes out of the doctor's office or the hospital, they are still there. On November 13th, when she is taken out of the side entrance of the Dorchester—screaming in agony and holding her head in pain—and placed in an ambulance, no photographer is in sight. But by the time the ambulance arrives at the London Clinic, the camera eyes are blinking as she is carried into the hospital. And they are blinking again, days later, when she leaves after being cured of meningism.

Always the eye—the horrible eye . . . looking at her . . . looking at her . . . looking at her . . . as it has done thousands of times before. . . .

The nightmare repeats and repeats itself . . . only this time, we are back where we were at the beginning, and Liz is close to death. Outside, the photographer is waiting, hunting. Suddenly, there is a scuffling in the crowd. The photographer's camera falls and smashes to the ground. The eye is broken.

Liz Taylor does not hear the crash. She hears nothing. Icy fingers reach out for her. She shudders. Her labored breathing becomes more irregular. The moment of grave crisis is at hand.

Then a miracle happens—beyond the understanding of science, beyond the comprehension of mortal man. The cold fingers of death withdraw from her. The crisis is over. The word goes out—Elizabeth Taylor will live.

Eddie Fisher and Liz' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Taylor, thank God for His mercy. Liz' friends hug each other and smile for the first time in days.

Out in the street, the members of the crowd—quick to condemn and slow to forgive—shed tears of relief.

Liz begins her long, slow period of recuperation. The electronic lung is removed from her room. The tube is taken from her throat. She is finally able to tell Eddie out loud what she could only scribble on paper during the terrible hours of her pain and torment: "I love you."

The nightmare, for the moment, is ended —or so it seems. One camera has been smashed, but outside in front of the hospital other relentless, merciless eyes that never sleep are waiting. Soon the cameras will click . . . click . . . click once more, and the endless flight and the ceaseless pursuit will start all over again. That is the torment Liz Taylor can never escape.

—BY JIM HOFFMAN

Rock Hudson

Continued from page 42

Rock lives a big life, but he lives it with ease. He grew to fit the life just as he grew to fit the parts he plays, so that every "take" of a scene is played a little easier and more professionally than the last.

When we met for lunch at his studio, Universal-International, he was wearing a beard, a disguise used to entice Doris Day in *Lover Come Back*. He had just returned from four months in Italy, but—according to him—nothing much had happened there.

"*Nothing?*"

He grinned. Well, he'd made *Come September* with Gina Lollobrigida. They'd been on location in Portofino, a delightful, sleepy little fishing town on the coast of Italy. Rock had gone over early, in time to rush into Rome, get a ticket for the Olympics where he had one of the thrills of his life, the marvelous opening day parade of young athletes from every nation in the world. . .

"Hundreds of Germans, Americans and Russians, each group carrying a flag and identification banner, and *one* man, just one, proudly carrying the flag of Dutch Guinea, a great fellow, six feet eight. The French in their dark green uniforms, the team from India in their brilliant green blazers and yellow turbans. What thrilled me was the thunderous ovation for the American team! This was an international audience, and we *are* liked!"

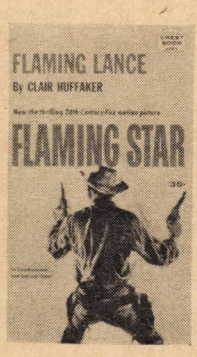
Then Rock went to Paris for the weekend, found it raining and went down to the south of France to swim and soak up sun. But, nothing much happened—according to him!

"How about the boat accident?" I asked, remembering the newspaper reports.

"Oh, that. Well, yes, there was a little accident," Rock said. "Some people at Cannes had a boat and asked me to join them. It was

[*Please turn the page*]

WE WANT YOU TO WIN 200 FREE PRIZES



To the first 200 voters who mail in their ballots, we'll send a copy of Clair Huffaker's FLAMING LANCE, a Crest book on which 20th Century-Fox's movie FLAMING STAR was based. Elvis Presley, Dolores Del Rio and Steve Forrest are the stars of this exciting tale of the old West, and this book is our gift to you for helping us select the stars you want to see and read about in MOTION PICTURE. This is your magazine, so please send in your ballot today!

MY FAVORITE MALE STARS ARE:

1 .....

2 .....

3 .....

MY FAVORITE FEMALE STARS ARE:

1 .....

2 .....

3 .....

MY FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE WERE:

1 .....

2 .....

3 .....

WHICH STORY DID YOU LIKE LEAST?

.....

A NEWCOMER I'D LIKE TO READ ABOUT IS:

.....

Name .....Occupation .....

Address .....Age .....

Address all ballots to: POLL EDITOR, Dept. June-I
MOTION PICTURE, Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn.

Beauty begins with a clean

Victoria and Lushus *Puff*

The most hygienically pure puffs ever developed. Make-up with freshness each time.

Try Primpuffs and Vic-Tex too!

only 10¢ to 39¢

At your favorite variety store

Victoria-Vogue, inc.

Glendale, N. Y., Los Angeles, Calif., Toronto, Canada

a magnificent day, mild, the water very smooth and glassy, and our boat must have been standing in a sun patch on the water, while one skier climbed aboard and another prepared to take his turn. I was standing, looking idly at the sea when suddenly I saw this speedboat heading for us full blast! It was going to smash us broadside! At about thirty-five miles an hour! I was mesmerized. You can't move or talk at a moment like this. Everyone saw it now. We all stood mesmerized. Suddenly, someone yelled *'jump!'* and all five of us dove over like Keystone Cops. Some dove to the left, some to the right. If the boat smashing toward us had veered even slightly, someone would have been hit and you know what happens. I remember diving deep to avoid the propeller. I came up to see our boat caved in at the middle and the other boat bisecting it, standing right up on end out of the water. It was a sight to give you the shakes.

"We swam over to a yacht at anchor near by and went aboard. They gave us each a glass of brandy. A full glass. It tasted like water! That night I had a nightmare. It all happened again, except it was my boat, the *Khairuzan*, that was hit broadside and sank."

That, of course, was a nightmare only. The *Khairuzan* is hale and hearty. Rock loves it as much as he loves the sea. And, like Odysseus, he's had many adventures at sea.

There was the time he was making *Toilers Of The Sea* and waiting for a camera set-up. He dove overboard for a swim off the Isle of Jersey. He was swimming idly when he noticed a bunch of big fish coming toward him. Sharks! He tried to reach the sloop. She was going too fast. He tried for the dingy trailing behind and came close, but always it bounced out of reach. The crew at the railing started to laugh—they knew the fish were only porpoises. But Rock didn't!

And there was the time, just before *Magnificent Obsession*, when he'd gone down to Laguna to swim at high tide. Diving under the breakers, he swam out with his powerful stroke and rode the breakers in. The swells were 15 feet high, great emerald shoots of water. Suddenly one giant swell picked him up and dropped him on the shore, like a match. He heard the *c-r-a-c-k* in his neck. Seconds later, the life guard was asking the crowd to stand back, someone was making a tourniquet from a bath towel. To set his clavicle bone correctly took three months in traction. Rock didn't have three *months*, he had less than three *weeks* before the picture started and it was his big break. He settled for a shoulder brace and *Magnificent Obsession*.

The sea is tricky. Rock knows it, and director Bob Mulligan discovered it when Rock introduced him to water skiing at Portofino! The weather there was strictly temperamental, too. Days that started out heavenly suddenly clouded over and there would be wild electrical storms. The thunder and lightning were dramatic to see and every time a storm struck, all the lights went out in little Hotel Imperiale at Santa Margherita (next door to Portofino) where the company were staying. There were candles in each room for just such occasions and everyone would light candles and come downstairs into the lobby until the fuses were repaired. One night, Bobby Darin charged, ghost-like, through the halls wearing a sheet.

The joke was on him though, for the hotel charged him for that sheet—he'd cut eye-holes in it!

The cast spent three weeks in the two little villages, eating in tiny restaurants near the water, where the tables are crowded close together and you have a chance to be friendly with the people. Rock has always loved Italian people. "I suppose," he says, "because I grew up with them. My friend Jimmy Matteoni was Italian, his folks had been born in Italy, and they were warm wonderful people. Italians are like that. They have graceful manners, they love fun, they're *sympatico*. They have a great pride in their country and their culture, as they should have. There is beauty everywhere you turn. We visited nearby Fumicino, another quiet fishing village where the Tiber meets the sea and there are beautiful boats at anchor in the yacht basin. I had a chance to talk with some of the boat people there and was invited to look at their craft. Boats are a universal language; they're the masculine counterpart of women's clothes. You've never seen anything like their fishing nets—commercial fishing nets but woven so that when they're pulled from the sea they look like great flowers."

But of course, nothing much happened in Portofino—Rock says.

"How about the motor scooter chase?" I asked.

Rock grinned. "Oh yes, the Lambrettas. That's what all the kids drive. They're a fast motor scooter and right behind the driver, there's a little seat for his date. The girls usually ride side-saddle. You see them flying along, in high heels and with scarves on their hair.

"Well, for the picture there is one sequence where Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee and all the other kids who've been occupying my villa decide to cut loose. They start out on these Lambrettas with Gina and me chasing after them, tearing down narrow side-streets, around corners. Wild!"

There was another wild chase in Rome on Gina's "wedding day" when they fight the police and she runs after the paddy wagon as Rock is carted away. "Gina took that wedding gown home and remade it. It was a problem because it had to be pretty but she had to be physical in it, run, fight, jump. This girl is simply marvelous. She walks away with the picture and no one enjoys it more than I. You think of her as a symbol of sex? She's a clever girl. She does convey sex, yes, but she's essentially an imp, a glorious great big imp with a sense of humor that's terrific to work with.

"You take her in your arms for a big love scene and she looks—well, you know how she looks—and just as you get ready to kiss her, she says, *sotto voce*, 'You'll be uncomfortable in this scene, you know it's mine!' She's like Doris Day. They are real pros, and they both have a great sense of humor. With Gina it's one good-humored needle after another, and you can relax and have a ball. And all the time, she knows all the angles. She's intelligent and shrewd. You should see her pose for a still—something I can't do. I don't know why, but I get self-conscious and can't figure how to arrange my face. But Gina knows. She's loaded with talent. She can sing, paint, sculpt, sew, and she has a flare for decoration. One of the beauty spots of Rome is her home on the Appia Antica."

No, nothing happened much in Rome.

Rock's mother and step-father surprised him by coming over. He'd been trying to arrange just such a trip for them for years. He has long wanted to have them come over while he's there, to share some of this European magic. This time they surprised him. They sent a wire saying HERE WE COME and came. They had great times together. There were wonderful sights to see, and there were wonderful restaurants to try—among them, the Hostelaria del Orso, which once was Dante's home. Next it housed a bevy of prostitutes, then it became a convent, and now it's one of the most elegant restaurants in Rome. Downstairs is a bar, then you go up the rickety, carved-wood stairs to the dining rooms, all very old, very red plush, then up an even narrower staircase to get to the night club.

Rock has been studying Italian for several years now, and during this trip made real progress. Rock and his driver became good friends and, going back and forth to the studio, a half hour each way, they talked a mile a minute and never in English. Rock had some good reference books and dictionaries with him all the time. Learning to speak Italian is part of a dream come true.

No, nothing much happens. . . .

Of course, there was Thanksgiving and the whole company of on-location Americans had a Thanksgiving feast with turkeys to eat and live white turkeys in a corner of the room for decorative effect. Cameraman Bill Daniel's wife baked the pumpkin pies, director Bob Mulligan and his wife celebrated their anniversary, several other people celebrated birthdays, one of them producer Bob Arthur's wife, Goldie. There were gagsters who kept insisting they'd still be in Rome to celebrate Christmas but that never worried Rock.

What did worry him was that he might have to stay in New York to celebrate. He arrived back in the States just as a 17-inch snow storm hit New York and was stalled a day—which gave him a chance to catch *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*. Then back to Lido Island for Christmas. He had a house filled with friends, and his mom and Joe. And New Year's on the boat "where there's no holiday traffic." And next day to work on *Lover Come Back*—"not even time enough to check my oil." No, nothing ever happens.

When anyone comments on his adventure-packed life, he just laughs and says, "Adventurous, *me*? Never touch the stuff!"

"But you *do* make love to the most beautiful women!" I said, as he marched back to work on a scene with Doris Day, beard and all.

"In front of a hundred and forty men chewing gum? Big deal!" he said, and a minute later had her in his arms!

—BY JANE ARDMORE

Rock stars in U-I's Lover Come Back and Come September.

MATCH THE MOTHERS

answers to quiz on page 12

A—Gary Cooper, B—Mickey Rooney, C—Dean Martin, D—Jack Lemmon, E—Tony Curtis, F—Glenn Ford, G—Doris Day, H—Cesar Romero.

Judi Meredith

Continued from page 16

his wife: *Was not a virtuous person; that I had engaged in many affairs with men; that the representations of my virtue and virginity were untrue and false and that they were made for the sole purpose of inducing him to marry me.*

The knife went deeper as that affidavit continued with the charges:

That I had no intentions of consummating the marriage, but arranged it for the single purpose of obtaining money from my husband.

Bob and his expensive lawyers did not stop there—but I must.

I never asked anything from Robert except his love. And until the day he left me, he never refused to give it to me. I loved him and devoutly believed in our marriage. I know he loved me, because he told me he did as recently as a week before that awful day in court when he asked for the annulment.

I don't blame Robert. I know that in time he may suffer even more than I have when he realizes that the persons seeking to destroy our happiness were motivated by reasons other than his personal welfare.

I met Robert through a very close friend of mine, a girl who had known him since he was 18. A group of my girl friends, with dates, were gathered at a friend's apartment one evening ready to go to Disneyland. One girl brought Robert. They didn't go with us, but that's the first time I saw him.

Two weeks later a friend and I gave a surprise birthday party for another mutual friend. Robert came, and since I was the hostess and had no date, he spent most of the evening talking with me.

A few days later, he called me for a date.

In the beginning, I think, I wanted to help Robert. He was willing to face the world as best he could. Yet there was an air of a defeated man about him. I wanted to help him, to give him strength. I wanted to be friends—for, after all, he was 21 and I was 24.

After the first date we went out together often. We'd talk for hours over coffee. We discussed our hopes, the kind of people we wanted to be, our careers, what he planned to do with his life, marriage, love and children.

Shortly before Thanksgiving Day, I realized I was in love with Robert. How, and the exact moment it happened, I'll never know. I didn't say anything, but a few nights later, Robert confessed that he loved me.

"I want you, Judi, more than anything in the world. I want you to be my wife." Those were his words.

I expected that I would say "Yes" immediately to Robert's proposal. I didn't.

Instead, I told Bob that I thought he should think it over very carefully. And that I wanted to do the same thing.

In particular, I wanted him to keep in mind that I was two years older than he was.

He smiled and shook his head. "Do you know, Judi, that *my* mother was 24 and *my* father was 21 when they got married?"

I hadn't known that, although I did know that his parents were dead. It struck us both as more than a coincidence.

A few nights later, after thinking it over, I decided that I would marry Robert—*because I loved him.*

That night, he asked me again and gave me an engagement ring, a diamond in a platinum setting, with two baguette stones on either side. We thought we must be the two happiest people in the world. Maybe we were.

On the night of December 10, we were at a night club with a party of friends and Bob said, "Let's get married right now, tonight."

Everybody laughed. They thought we were kidding. We weren't.

We spent the rest of the night rounding up a party of wedding guests and at 7:00 a.m. the next morning, we flew to Las Vegas and became husband and wife.

To avoid publicity, everyone agreed to keep the marriage a secret.

We came back to Hollywood and started what I thought would be the long, happy

[*Please turn the page*]

Tab Hunter is still championing the cause of his favorite protege, Vicki Trickett. After a small role in *Pepe*, Vicki snagged a larger part in *Gidget Goes Hawaiian.*

$
SONGS
into DOLLARS!
NEW songwriters, poets share $33 millions yearly. Songs Composed, PUBLISHED, Promoted. Appraisal, info FREE from...
NORDYKE Music Publishers
6000 Sunset, HOLLYWOOD 289, Calif.

UPSET SKIN
Get fast, dependable relief from the ugly itching misery of pimples, rashes, eczema and tetter. Ease the awful distress with this internationally famous skin medicine. Used by millions for blessed relief fast. Only 35¢. Guaranteed or money back.
Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Ointment

LOVELIER COMPLEXION
HEAD TO TOE
PROTECTION
Now the active foamy medication of "Skin Success" soap protects your loveliness 3 ways. 1. Beauty benefits your skin to reveal a smoother, more radiant complexion. 2. Gives long lasting deodorant protection. 3. Stops the spread of germs that often cause pimples and blemishes. Be sweeter, fresher, nicer to be near. Yes, you get a lot for a little when you get Palmer's "Skin Success" soap. Sensibly priced at 25¢ the cake.

life of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Machris Westbrook—in my apartment. Robert said we'd take our time and eventually buy a home.

My happiness with Robert lasted just about ten days.

The evening of the tenth day, I came home from a shopping trip. As soon as I walked into the room, I felt that something was wrong with Robert.

We talked, but it was like—well, I just don't know. He was so distant, too quiet. But he did tell me his relatives had discovered we were married.

From that moment my marriage began to disintegrate!

As the days went by, he grew more and more distant. I did everything I could think of to draw him out, but I failed.

Finally, after nearly a month had passed, I discovered that some people were trying to break us up. One of them had told my husband that I was not "the kind of a girl he should have married."

I wanted to know specifically what they had said about me. I begged Robert to tell me what they had said to turn him against me, but he wouldn't answer. I tried to reason with him.

"Don't do this to me, Bob," I begged. "Don't hurt me like this. You're my husband, but you're treating me like a stranger. Please give me a chance to defend myself. Tell me, what have I done?"

I tried not to cry. I wanted to keep my head. But he was tearing my heart out and there was nothing I could do about it.

Yet, every once in a while, he seemed to relent slightly. He said he still loved me, but that it was difficult for him—considering what he had been told about me.

And it would start all over again.

"Don't say that, Bob!" I pleaded. "Please, please don't say that! Don't you know what you're doing to me? How can you torment me like this?"

One morning, after a long night of bitter recriminations, I woke up to find that Robert had walked out. He was gone for four days.

Pert Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer divide their time between Switzerland and U.S.

Adding to all my problems at this time was an operation my doctor said I must have, or he could not be responsible for my health.

Finally, I could put it off no longer. On January 25, they performed the operation.

It took two weeks for me to recover. Robert came to see me during this time. I think he wanted to be kind to me then, but his visits were so short. We seemed no closer to a solution to our problems and he still would not tell me what had caused him to change from a loving husband to a cold, unresponsive stranger.

Between the post-operative pain and the pressure of the situation with Robert, I spent the two most miserable weeks I've ever known in my life.

Things became even worse after I was released. Since I was still confined to bed, I moved in with a woman and her daughter who were good friends of mine. Fortunately, my mother had come down from Oregon to stay with me while I recuperated.

Robert did visit me at my friend's house and about a week later, when I was able to walk, he took me to a night club.

It wasn't a complete reconciliation, but I felt that now for the first time there was a chance. He was very kind to me. We had a wonderful evening together.

The next morning, I picked up the papers to read that "Robert Machris Westbrook today filed to annul his two-month marriage to actress Judi Meredith."

That was an instant I will never forget. When a dream turned into a nightmare. Since that moment, my life has been hell.

When I tried to reach Robert, I was told by his relatives and lawyers that he had left town. That's been the strategy. Unless he is due for court, "he is out of town and cannot be reached by anyone."

I did manage to reach him once.

I almost fainted with surprise when he said: "I still love you, Judi, but I've seen the affidavits. The people who made them would not have signed them unless they were true. And since they are signed, they must be true. I want the annulment."

Another instance of Robert's incredible behaviour occurred a few days after the annulment story appeared. He gave me a $6,000 Lincoln Continental. It was one of the most beautiful automobiles I'd ever seen.

"Why . . . why are you giving me this?" I asked.

"Because I love you," he answered. "I want you to have the car."

"I'd rather have you," I said.

I closed my eyes and thanked God. Not for the present—but I thanked God for giving me my husband back for awhile.

Later, at a court hearing, Robert claimed through his attorney that the car was part of my agreement to sign the annulment papers. That was the kind of "gift" it was.

But that wasn't all.

For some reason—and I am sure it wasn't Robert's idea—Robert decided to make a special and shameful issue of the fact that before I met him I dated men including Barry Coe, Bobby Darin, Troy Donahue and Frank Sinatra.

All I can ask is, "What girl, who is really interested in love and marriage, has *not* dated men before meeting the right one?" It certainly is reasonable to assume that a girl searches as diligently for the "right" man as a man does for the "right" woman.

I am not ashamed of having dated the men I mentioned.

My relationship with Bobby and Troy was pure friendship. We dated and liked each other's company.

I went steady with Barry Coe. We thought we were in love enough to consider marriage. I've never made any effort to conceal that. But a girl does not always become engaged to her steady, neither does she always marry the man to whom she's engaged

Now about Frank Sinatra.

It is true. I was in love with Frank—but I'm not the only girl who has ever been in love with this wonderful man.

I am young and impressionable and I was overwhelmed by Frank's attentions during the times we dated. I don't think any girl would have reacted differently. After only a few dates with Frank, however, I knew in my heart that any hopes I had that Frank would fall in love with me were just dreams and would never come true.

Frank understood. He understood so well that when I told him I could not see him any more, he smiled gently and said, "I know just what you mean, Judi. I know better than you that love is not easy to find. But I wish you more luck than I have had."

That was it.

Yet for a reason I cannot understand, Robert is insisting that my relationships with these men—which occurred long before I met him—reflect on my virtue.

If that is so, then hasn't Robert inadvertently indicted every girl who has ever gone steady with a boy?

These are the things, the tender personal moments of my life, that Robert, presumably on the advice of his lawyers, is dragging through the courts and newspapers.

And it was during one of the many court hearings that I finally learned why I had been gifted with an expensive automobile from the man I thought loved me.

"I gave it to her," Robert told the court, "so that she would not contest the annulment."

Infanticipating Jean Simmons and her husband Richard Brooks are hoping for a boy.

I was speechless.

It is a point of California law that couples seeking annulments or divorces must give reasons why a reconciliation is or is not possible before a Commissioner of Domestic Court.

I won't mention the awful reasons that were given by Robert, through his lawyers, during our "reconciliation" session.

All I know is that I sat there and heard the most terrible parade of lies that were ever told to ruin a woman's reputation in the eyes of the society in which she must live. God knows I almost died in the chair.

The next thing I remember was the sound of my sobs. I moaned to my lawyer, "Get me out of here! Get me out of here!"

They took me to the ante-room where, somehow, I managed to regain my composure. When I went outside, I saw Bob.

I said, "Robert, we are standing here alone. No one can hear us. Tell me you lied in your testimony."

He refused to answer.

"Oh, God, Robert!" I said. "Do you really believe those affidavits? Do you honestly believe that I could be guilty of such disgraceful conduct? Robert! You know me! You are my husband, the man I loved, the man I married. You know what I am, what I am like. You know how I've conducted myself for eight years as an actress. I want to hear you *say* you believe everything you said in court. Tell me!"

Robert shrugged his shoulders and said, "Well, I read the affidavits." He just stood there staring at me.

"For the love of God and for any feeling you might have once held for me, don't," I begged, "believe those terrible stories they've told you about me.

"I married you because I loved you, Bob. And I swear on Christ's cross that I didn't want your money. You know I never asked you for anything. I told you that the money didn't matter, that I would go on working for the next ten years if it would make us happy. I'd work until we had two or three children, until anything you wanted to happen, happened.

"You know that's true, Bob. We crossed our hearts on that and now you—"

Suddenly I realized my tears, my pleas, nothing I could say or do would change his mind. I knew, too, I would never again beg him for anything.

I dried my eyes and said, "Good-by, Robert. I loved you. Now, I'm sorry for you."

I turned and walked away.

The other day, someone suggested that I must hate Bob.

I don't. I couldn't. But I hate what he's allowed to happen to himself.

I would even be willing to help him now—in spite of everything—if he wanted it. But he wouldn't let me now. His pride wouldn't let him listen to a woman he has torn to bits.

There will be more court hearings and more awful charges made against me. I will try with all my might to keep from screaming, "How can I prove that I *don't* know these people you've brought against me?"

But screaming won't do any good. Nothing will. I'm trapped and I know it.

Now I have nothing left but to dread the future.

I am dreading the day when my son or daughter is asked, "Didn't you ever read those newspaper headlines about your mother years ago when she became involved with all those men?"

The headlines are not true. And it is for the sake of my unborn children that I'm defending myself.

This nightmare I am living will stay with me for the rest of my life. It will be all over soon for the public, but I must carry it in my mind until the day I die.

Sometimes when I'm half asleep at night I dream that if I had tried harder, if I had begged more, if I had cried great tears, if I had given in and not tried to fight for Robert's love, it would have been easier.

Maybe, I think, I could have picked up the pieces.

And then, suddenly, the wind comes along and blows the pieces away. Then the dream ends and the nightmare begins all over again. ●

GET MOTION PICTURE BY MAIL!

Here's how! Check the box below of the subscription you want!

☐ **One year** **$2.50***

☐ **Two years** **$4.00***

***In U.S., possessions and Canada**

☐ **One year, all other countries** **$5.00**

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **Zone** ..... **State** .....

(Please include city postal zone number!)

Mail your order to:
MOTION PICTURE, Subscription Dept., Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn.

IS YOUR EYE-BEAUTY GONE AFTER YOU WASH-OFF MASCARA ?

...THEN TRY 'ROUND-THE-CLOCK "Dark-Eyes"®

PERMANENT DARKENER FOR LASHES AND BROWS

(for the hairs to which applied)

1 APPLICATION LASTS 4 TO 5 WEEKS! What's left of eye-beauty—if you're wearing mascara—after a swim, a shower, a walk in the rain, a weepy movie, or a soap-and-water wash? Just a dimmed-out, "featureless" face? To avoid that faded face, use "Dark-Eyes" as your BASIC eye make-up . . . under mascara, or instead! "Dark-Eyes" colors permanently . . . until lashes and brows are normally replaced in four to five weeks!

"Dark-Eyes" doesn't smudge, smear or wash off, so your lashes and brows look NATURALLY soft, dark, luxuriant all day, all night . . . 'round-the-clock and for more than a month with just one easy application! "Dark-Eyes" contains no aniline dyes. Three shades: Black, Brown, Light Brown. OUR 27th YEAR!

25¢ SEND TODAY FOR TRIAL SIZE

NO DELAY—your trial order shipped in 24 hours!

Swimproof!

ABOUT 12 APPLICATIONS (normal year's supply) $1.25 at leading drug, dep't and variety chain stores.

"DARK-EYES" COMPANY, Dept. H-61
3319 W. Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.

I enclose 25c (coin or stamps, tax included) for TRIAL SIZE pkg. of "Dark-Eyes" with directions.

check shade O Light Brown O Brown O Black

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....STATE.....

POEMS NEEDED FOR SONGS

All types for recordings, etc. Booming music business needs new song writers. Send poems now for FREE examination.

ASCOT MUSIC, INC. • Studio G-21
6021 Sunset Blvd. Hollywood 28, Calif.

STOP! LOOK! VOTE!
See page 65

SWAP PHOTOS 30 FOR $1.00
65 For $2.00

(Include 25c for Mailing)
2½ x 3½ on Glamorous Double-weight Silk Finish From your Favorite Snapshot or Portrait. Mail between cardboards.

Gross Copy Co. | Dept. 24, 4204 Troost Kansas City 10, Mo.

HIGH SCHOOL

AT HOME IN SPARE TIME

Low monthly payments include standard text books and instruction. Credit for subjects already completed. Progress as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. DIPLOMA AWARDED

SEND FOR BOOKLET—TELLS YOU HOW

OUR 64TH YEAR

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. HA60
Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.
Please send FREE High School booklet.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY & STATE.....

Accredited Member NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

Susan Kohner

Continued from page 47

escapade Susan and her friends had envisioned.

"We went to a movie," Susan recalls ruefully, "and the whole time I worried that my parents might show up at the same theater. It was very improbable, but the fear was so terrible it ruined everything. It was pure torture, and I had such a guilty conscience, I could never do it again."

A strict curfew was only one of many restrictions on Susan's social life during her teens. While she shrank from open rebellion and further trickery, Susan, nonetheless, was mortified by the parental restraints that set her apart from her teen-age friends.

"I guess my friends thought I was an odd duck," she smiles. "They would try to think of ways to get around my parents—but except for that one time, I never got up enough courage to go against my parents."

From her earliest teens, extraordinary cautions were taken in Susan's behalf—cautions that puzzled and alienated her boy friends. When she went to a party, she and her date were under the protective custody of her father, agent Paul Kohner. Susan was not allowed to go in a car alone with a boy.

"My date would have to leave his car at our house, and my father would drive us to the party, and pick us up again. Needless to say, it was embarrassing. On the way back home the boy and I didn't say a word to each other. You know, with your father there, what could you say? My father had a way of sort of looking *through* a boy, and it scared my date half to death. He'd be afraid to make conversation. So we just sat there in deadly silence the whole time."

One of Susan's dates was the cousin of her classmate. The day after the date, the flabbergasted youngster told his cousin of his experience.

"What's the matter with this girl?" he asked incredulously. "Why do her parents keep her in a box?"

Sometimes a date would bluntly ask Susan. Her reply would be one of resigned acceptance.

"That's just the way they are," she would say, as if one might just as well argue with the sun and the stars.

"Sure I felt resentment," Susan acknowledges. "I pleaded and cajoled, and maybe cried sometimes, but that was it. They laid down the law. I guess I really wasn't much of a rebel—maybe because in other matters I usually got things I wanted just by asking. But my social life was different. I was unhappy, but I couldn't go against them. Sure I felt like it, but I never did."

Sometimes, overcome with emotion about her plight, tears would well up in her eyes and Susan would blurt out, "Other parents *trust* their children. Why don't you trust me?"

No matter how dramatic Susan got, she couldn't budge them. "It's just the way they were brought up—I guess. My mother was raised in Mexico, and my father is from Europe. They kept insisting that it was all for my own good. They said that I had to be patient, that everything would come slowly. They said they weren't trying to hold me back or anything, but they felt everything should come in its own time."

Their reasoning, however sound, was lost on Susan. For her the time was then—not in the future. She felt as if life was passing her by.

"I was always a step behind everybody else," she explains, thinking back to the years of her agonizing social lag.

While her friends were permitted to double date, Susan was allowed to attend well-chaperoned parties under her father's escort. When her friends were dating solo and going car-riding with their beaus, Susan was going out on double dates—and then only after a date got the careful parental once-over.

"My father always met the boy," Susan recalls, "and he'd always say, 'Be careful driving,' and tell him what time to have me home, things like that. I was around 15 at the time, and most of my friends were already going on single dates.

"When I'd tell my father that the other girls at school went out on dates alone with a boy, he would say, 'Well, you're not all the other girls. This is the way it's going to be. We have your best interests at heart, and you're going to have to trust our judgment.' "

When her dates called for her, her father invariably would be on hand to greet and interrogate them. That way Mr. Kohner could assure himself that Susan would be in trustworthy hands. At the same time, he'd subtly assure the boy that no shenanigans would be countenanced.

"It was sort of uncomfortable," Susan admits with gracious understatement. "I couldn't just say, 'Well, we have to go,' or if I did say it, it didn't work. My father would just keep talking, and there was nothing I could do but drag the boy out of the room."

Fortunately, Susan discovered she could avoid that ordeal by managing not to be ready when her dates arrived. A date would assume that she was merely exercising a girl's prerogative to be late. This way, she was not present when the grand inquisition took place.

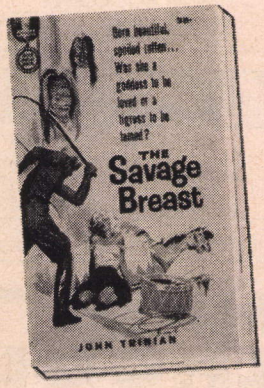
"Dad would talk with them while they were waiting for me," she smiles. "I was never in on the conversation. I didn't want to be. I'd have gone right through the floor, I'm sure. I'm usually ready ahead of time, but I found it much better this way."

Even when Susan was allowed to date alone, she still had to adhere to a be-home-by-midnight edict.

"My dates would complain when I said I had to be home then," she relates. "They would argue back and forth, and tell me how ridiculous and square I was being. But usually I made it back by curfew time. I knew my father or mother wouldn't go to bed until I turned off the lights."

Naturally, Susan tried to talk her father out of the curfew. "If you trust me until

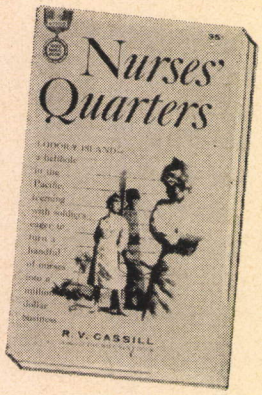
WANTON AND WILLFUL



Rich, bored, passionate, Debra was ripe for the taking—and ready to enter a world of thrills so weird and wild that she never even imagined it could exist.

GM s1104

ONLY 35c EACH



She had a million-dollar body and no mind of her own. That was Eleanor—a nurse who by day was soft and loving and who by night went through living hell.

GM s1102

ON SALE APRIL 27 WHEREVER PAPERBACK BOOKS ARE SOLD

Buy these books from your local news dealer. If your dealer is sold out, send 35c per book plus 10c each for postage and handling to Gold Medal Books, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

midnight, what's the difference after midnight?" she would ask.

The closest she came to victory was to gain a few minutes leeway. She accomplished this by imploring, "What if the movie gets out late, and we want to have a Coke afterwards?"

Susan's appearance was also closely supervised. Her mother chose her clothes, her father supervised her make-up.

"I remember that sometimes I would go to my mother's closet and find something I thought would be just divine to wear—sheath dresses and things like that. But she would say it was much too old for me—so back in the closet it would go."

Similarly, Susan's father gently but firmly suggested that Susan not use a lot of make-up when she was dressing for a date.

"When I went out, I used to love piling on the mascara," Susan chuckles. "We weren't allowed to wear make-up at school, so the first thing we all did when the dismissal bell rang at 4:00 was put on lipstick. My father would pick me up at school. He'd see my red mouth, and automatically hand me his handkerchief. At least he allowed me the dignity of wiping it off myself.

"Strangely enough," Susan offers musingly, through all of this, "I never got any lectures on my virtue. I think in Mexico things having to do with sex aren't talked about too much. Maybe that's why it was never brought up to me.

"I guess my parents have an old-world feeling toward these things. It would have been much easier if they had talked to me about it, but no, I never had any heart-to-heart father-daughter or mother-daughter talks about it."

Now that Susan looks back on her teens, there is no bitterness toward her parents. She is thankful her teens were unspent rather than misspent.

"I'm glad my parents didn't trust me! I'm glad they were so strict!" she says today. "Father *did* know best!

"At the time," Susan says frankly, "I probably didn't realize the long-range value of the supervision I got, or how much my mother and father were thinking of my own good. I do now."

This pleasant suspicion began to grow on Susan shortly after she first started to experience the thrill of going from double dating to single dating. The other girls were so far ahead of her that many already had rushed into teen-age marriage. They said a hurried farewell to the carefree youth they thoughtlessly squandered while Susan waited, albeit impatiently, in the wings.

"As soon as they got out of high school the most important thing was to get a man and get married," Susan observes soberly. "When they were ready—or thought they were—for marriage, I was just ready for dating. So many of the girls who graduated with me are divorced or unhappily married. Just the other day a girl friend of mine came into town. She's now getting a divorce and she has two little girls. That's awfully sad. Yet she was so anxious to get married, in such a hurry."

Where once her classmates commiserated with Susan, now it is the other way around. Now Susan dispenses the soothing syrup.

"You know," she says thoughtfully, "it's a big responsibility to be married and not have had any time for fun. They're housewives now, and they have homes to look after, and children. You know, they wish they could get out of the kitchen, and they sort of envy me in a way. It's a pity when they're so young and very attractive, and yet what have they got to look forward to?

"I haven't been through the mill. My life hasn't already been lived. It's ahead of me, not behind me. I'm so fortunate my parents paced my life the way they did.

"I know now I really didn't miss too much," she says, "because what didn't come then came later. I felt a little sorry for myself, but looking back I'm sure the boys who dated me under such difficult circumstances thought more of me—not less of me—because of it. I think they even respected me in a way. It made me different from the other girls. Something more difficult to get is always more attractive. I didn't think so at the time, but I'm convinced now I was valued more because of it."

Susan is certain, too, that her rigidly-policed teens have a lot to do with the rapport she has with young-but-worldly George Hamilton. There is little doubt that George treasures her all the more because she is unspoiled and bubbling with enthusiasms.

"George went to the other extreme," she reveals. "He dated early in life. He went to so many schools. He dated and went to night clubs while I was relatively cloistered. He had quite an active social life, and I didn't. It makes a good contrast when people are opposites like we are.

"I'm sure he went out with girls who were different from me," she agrees.

"Going to parties the way he did, he ran into so many girls who were worldly and pseudo-sophisticated. Girls who were bored with it all. There's nothing about life that bores me. I love to go dancing. I love to go to parties. I don't have the feeling, 'Oh no, not another one!' It's all relatively new and exciting to me. And it wouldn't be if my parents had been as lenient with me as I wished they had been.

"For the very reason that I wasn't allowed to do everything and go every place," she says appreciatively, "things that are old hat to other girls are new to me. I still haven't been every place, seen everything and done everything like a lot of girls my age have. They're bored and unhappy. I'm not. They're so tired of it all. And I'm just starting—and it's wonderful!"

—BY WILLIAM TUSHER

Susan is in UA's By Love Possessed.

Motion Picture

JULY ISSUE ON SALE JUNE 1

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU

For ad rates, write 9 S. Clinton, Chicago 6

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN *(Pub. W—June '61)*

UP TO $300 For Your Child's Picture paid by advertisers. Send small picture for approval. (All Ages). Returned. Print child's, parent's name, address. Spotlite, 1611 La Brea, P6, Hollywood, California.

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS—TO $5.00 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. For free samples, details, write Studio Girl, Dept. 1616C, Glendale, California.

SECOND INCOME FROM Oil Can End Your Toil! Free Book And Oilfield Maps. No Obligation. National Petroleum, 527-PWC Panamerican Bank Building, Miami 32, Florida.

MAKE $25-$50 week, clipping newspaper items for publishers. Some clippings worth $5 each. Particulars Free. National, 81-WM, Knickerbocker Station, New York City.

BUY WHOLESALE! BIG Discounts. Watches, Appliances, etc. Free Catalog! Housewares Distributors, 1216-AS, West 79th St., Chicago 20, Illinois.

DRESSES 24c; SHOES 39c; Men's suits $4.95; trousers $1.20. Better used clothing. Free catalog. Transworld, 164-A Christopher, Brooklyn 12, N.Y.

WOMEN WANTED TO Assemble Jewelry At Home. Star Jewelry Co., 60 W. Hays, Banning, California.

LADIES: EARN UP to $2.00 hour sewing babywear! No house selling! Send postcard to Cuties, Warsaw 1, Indiana.

GOOD INCOME FROM home typing! Detailed information $1 (refundable). Ryco, 210-B Fifth Ave., New York 10.

SEW OUR APRONS for merchants, Materials supplied. Jiffy Manufacturing, Lake Village 75, Arkansas.

SEW OUR READY cut aprons at home, spare time, Easy, profitable. Hanky Aprons, Caldwell 3, Arkansas.

EARN $50.00 FAST, Sewing Aprons. Details Free. Redykut's, Loganville, Wisconsin.

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

SONGWRITERS, NEW IDEAS needed for recording. Send songs, poems. Starcrest Recorders, 1350-B North Highland, Hollywood 28, Calif.

POEMS WANTED FOR musical setting and recording. Send poems. Free examination. Crown Music, 49-PW West 32, New York.

POEMS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY for New Songs and Records. Free Examination and Appraisal. Send Poems: Songcrafters, Acklen Station, Nashville, Tenn.

POEMS WANTED! BEST songs recorded Free with 7-piece orchestra. Melodies written. Send poems, free examination. Songmakers, 1472-Y Broadway, New York 36.

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW $100 TO $600 by mail. Quick, Easy, Private. No Co-Signers. Repay in 24 small monthly payments. For the amount you want write today to Dial Finance Co., 410 Kilpatrick Bldg., Dept. F-57, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

BORROW $800 NOW. New Increased Loan Limit. Anywhere. Air Mail Service. Postal Finance, 308 Francis Building, Dept. 63-K, Louisville, Kentucky.

LOANS ENTIRELY BY Mail—$600 Or Less. Strictly confidential. Repay in 24 monthly payments. Write: Budget Finance Co., Dept. K-51, 114 S. 17, Omaha 2, Nebr.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 64-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. XA74, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Station E-1, Atlanta, Georgia.

AGENTS & HELP WANTED

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. WP-61, Chicago 32, Illinois.

60% PROFIT COSMETICS. $25 day up. Hire others. Samples, details. Studio Girl-Hollywood, Glendale, Calif. Dept. 1616H.

EXOTIC EARRINGS! DETAILS free. Pair, $1.00. Ohga, WEN-278, Sigakenkusatu, Japan.

STAMP COLLECTING

TERRIFIC STAMP BARGAIN! Israel—Iceland—Vatican Assortment—Plus Exotic Triangle Set—Also Fabulous British Colonial Accumulation—Plus Large Stamp Book—All Four Offers Free—Send 10c To Cover Postage. Empire Stamp Corporation, Dept. PC., Toronto, Canada.

EMPLOYMENT INFORMATION

CHOICE U.S. & Overseas Jobs. All Trades. Firms, Addresses, Hiring Procedures, Pay Scales, Benefits. For information write: World Wide, Dept. A10, 149 N. Franklin St., Hempstead, N.Y.

BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

$3.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE assembling pump lamps [illegible] Time. Simple, Easy. No canvassing. Write: Ougor, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

PERSONAL & MISCELLANEOUS

WRITERS! REQUEST FREE sample Pink Sheets listing markets U.S.A. Literary Agent Mead, 915 Broadway, New York.

INSTRUCTION

PARKING TROUBLES SOLVED! Easy Backing Method. Illustrated. Send $1.00. 9517 Adoree, Downey, Calif.

Lovely NAILS in A FLASH... with

NU-NAILS

ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS

Cover short, broken, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Applied in a jiffy with our amazing *new quick-drying glue*. Can be worn any length ... polished any shade. Help overcome nail-biting habit. Set of ten 29c. At dime, drug & dept. stores.

ONLY 29¢ SET OF TEN

NU-NAILS CO., Dept. FF-6
5251 W. Harrison, Chicago 44

Also ***Hollywood Fingernails...*** Permanent Dubonett, Rose Color. ***No polish required...39c set.***

Have Pity on an Aging Actress

[*Continued from page* 18]

What you're going to read here about yourself is not just my opinion. I have talked to hundreds of people about you including co-workers and fans. I have thought about their answers for a long time. Some of them made no sense. Others were so obviously prejudiced for or against you that they had to be ignored. Yet, what it all adds up to makes a lot of sense.

It makes sense because in the truth that has been distilled from the thousands of words I have heard about you, I have discovered one irrevocable fact—the problems that bother you are problems that bother everyone. We'll get to those in a moment.

First, however, here are a couple of remarkable conclusions about you, conclusions which you, perhaps, never dreamed existed.

Most men and women believe that you are all the beauty, the glamour, the excitement and the passion they themselves hope for, but will never realize.

Everyone, whether they like you or not, said that when we look back someday, you will be remembered as a lovely, sensitive woman who never knowingly committed an act of meanness or malice, nor made an unfair criticism about anyone.

Most of those who spoke about you believe that as a top actress you are too easily influenced by those who derive an abnormal, but not very helpful, satisfaction from basking in the sunlight of your success.

Most people feel that, as an actress, your greatest success lies ahead. "But only," said one woman, "if she eventually accepts the fact that she can learn more from failure than she can from success."

It is no secret to you—or anyone else—that the things we want most are the things we've never had. We're all *missing* something. A father, a mother, a good figure, a head of hair, affection, a husband, good health . . . name anything—and someone, somewhere, hasn't got it and wants it—terribly. Some of the things people want desperately are so trivial or so unimaginative that they don't dare tell friends how badly they want them because they're afraid they'll be laughed at.

People can have very big dreams about very little things—and you do, too.

Let me quote, in entirety, what one man, who worked with you on three movies, has to say. At first his criticism will seem strange, even wild, but if you consider his remarks carefully you will find a buried truth.

He said, "I don't like her. I don't want to work with her again. To the eye, she is probably the most glamorous and provocative actress I've ever seen. That is the impression any man will get. Women get it, too, but they, understandably, don't like to admit it.

"Since I was going to work closely with her on these pictures, what I wanted most was to bring out in her every bit of human being I could find. I don't have to tell you she is beautiful. I *can* tell you she is much more intelligent than she pretends. I could tell you many wonderful, happy, likeable things about her.

"So why don't I like her?

"Because for some reason which I cannot understand, she believes she is the only insecure person in the world. We're *all* insecure. *You* are, *I* am, that guy over *there* is. Everybody is insecure. No one, in truth, can say, 'I am complete, I am secure.'

"Insecurity is a normal and reasonable emotion. It stews in everyone's heart. We have to tolerate it. We have to live with it.

"But the way I see it this gorgeous creature has been led to believe that insecurity is her problem and hers alone. So she is letting this one fundamental fear upset her private and professional life.

"I think she should say to herself, 'Okay, I'm insecure. Everybody's that way. It makes me human. It gives me a *withness* for every single human being on the face of the earth. It is as common to a queen as it is to a teenager on her first date.'

"I think that when she finally accepts the fact that neither she nor any other one person in the world has a monopoly on insecurity, I'll like her—and not till then."

The man who gave me these words stopped for a moment. Then he added, "By the way, if you run across anyone who thinks what I just said is funny, take a good look at him, but don't let him bother you. Because his laughter is *his* insecurity."

I'm in no way saying that the problems of your mind and body are trivial or should be ignored. But I am saying that they should *not* be babied until they grow like monsters and drain your being.

For example, there isn't a woman in this country who doesn't understand the grief and anguish you've experienced over the loss of two babies. Children are a desperate need for you. Yet millions of women have survived this problem. Have you not seen the remarkable statistics that reveal the incredible frequency with which women who adopt children suddenly bear their own after years of yearnings?

You were adopted, forsaken, adopted and forsaken. What a marvelous and really worthwhile opportunity you have to give a parentless child a home, a home filled with all the love and laughter you once wished for yourself. How knowing you would be. How really aware of all the fears this child might have. Think of the remarkable efficiency with which you could diminish the child's insecurity and by doing so, lessen your own.

Every terrible instant you once remembered as an unwanted child would become not a horrible memory, but a lesson that would enable you to give all the love and affection a child could hope for.

Somewhere out in one of your own desolate nights a homeless child is crying himself to sleep. You don't have to save every orphan in the world. One would be plenty.

You have never told anyone, the *real* reason you are so outrageously tardy on the set and at parties. You don't have to. *Everyone knows.*

I asked many people who know you, "Why is she always so late?"

The answers were all the same. They all said you show up late because you're afraid you'll be a flop. It may not be true, but that's what everyone believes.

No human being has ever been allowed to succeed in *everything* he does. The fear of failing frightens all of us; actually failing has happened to all of us, too.

Did you know the reason most people are shaken by failure is because they mistakenly believe that success can be achieved without cost? Many misguided folks feel that all they have to do is *wish* for success and their guardian angel will take care of the rest. They never consider failure—and when it comes, it knocks them for a loop.

You've got to pay a price for fame. If you are not willing to you might as well get out of the game.

Along about the time you were born, my family used to crank up the old phonograph and play a record called *The Best Things In Life Are Free.*

It's a nice thought, isn't it? But it's *not* true. The best things in life are *not* free!

The things you want and yearn and pray for—no matter how big or how small—can only be gotten by giving of yourself. And if you get what you want, you must pay. You must pay with pain and heartache and yes, sometimes, even grief. Remarkable, isn't it, that you pay the same price when you fail.

Does this depress you? If it does, it is because, like many people, you are still putting all your hopes and dreams in that nice-sounding title, *The Best Things In Life Are Free.* Only when you decide to appreciate and pay for what you have and what you get, will you be able to achieve your goal.

This has not been an easy letter to write. Oh, people are quick to say, "It's easy to give advice." Well, it isn't. As a matter of fact, it's the most difficult thing in the world because with every word the advisor realizes that the sum of the knowledge that he passes on is a meager and pitiful legacy when he stops to consider how long it's taken him to accumulate it.

And when the advice has been given, which truth is worth listening to?

The truth that probably would be of the greatest help to you is that you must stop feeling that insecurity is a problem unique unto you. Insecurity is a part of all of us. It causes problems, but you, like everyone else, must solve these problems with courage, understanding and love—qualities which are also a part of everyone—including you. Let these qualities help you, let them show you the way as they've shown others the way.

Flights into a world of fancy and pangs of self-pity will not help. Didn't anyone ever tell you of the poet who "cried because he had no shoes—till he met a man who had no feet?"

Don't try to forget your past. The harder you try, the easier it will be to remember. The best thing to do is—like a sleeping dog—let it lie. Other people do—people who see your movies, people who admire you and people who are the friends you never knew you had. Everywhere people hope for your happiness—not because you're *Marilyn Monroe,* sex symbol extraordinary, but because they have tears and hearts that are touched by all that is mortal.

Remember, Marilyn, life is a merry-go-round we all must ride. Neither you, nor I, nor anyone else can catch the brass ring every time we try for it. But none of us should let it spoil the ride.

Regards,

LOU LARKIN

Sandy & Bobby

Continued from page 22

by some nutty governess or maid." Then he laughed and said, "Maybe you'll love being married to me so much that you won't even think of working. Maybe just a flick a year! Hey, precious, what do you say to that?"

"Well, Mr. Cassotto," Sandy teased. . . .

"Hey, that sounds pretty good. Now do you know how to spell it, my future *Mrs.* Cassotto? . . . C'mon spell it for me."

"Oh, Bobby, stop kidding me," she replied, embarrassed. "You tell me how to spell it every single day. How can I forget?"

"Don't ever forget it," he said, suddenly taking on a serious note. "My name is something I don't fool around with, Sandy. It's the only thing that really belongs to the real me. I hope you'll be number two!"

"Forget it, silly. I'm only joshing with you. But you know, Bobby, I wonder what my mother will think about us getting married—or Ross. I worry about them all the time. They mean so much to me . . . but I wonder if they'll really understand. . . ."

For the first time, Sandra Dee had a real problem. She had never known what problems were before. To her, life had been a sheltered home filled with love, comfort and devotion. Her stepfather, Eugene Douvan, was a wealthy man who never stinted with the dollars where his wife or stepdaughter, whom he later adopted, were concerned. He put his foot down on only one thing—when Sandy, as a little girl, asked if she could become a model, he said: "That kind of life isn't for my baby. Believe me, Sandy, I've been out in Hollywood, and I know the advertising world. It's rough, honey. Much too rough. You'd never be happy with it." (In this respect, Bobby reminded her of Papa.) The modeling career was dropped—for the time being. However, Sandy was a stubborn girl, and she knew that someday she'd be able to convince him to allow her to try her hand at it. Finally, when she was 13, her mother backed her and Sandy became a model.

Mary Douvan was determined that her daughter would make a go of it, and began guiding her daughter in her career. With her first cover, Sandy made a splash and became a success in the modeling world. Unfortunately, in the modeling business—as in show business—there is very little time for fun and a normal childhood. There were private tutors and camera sittings and appointments and people to see and more jobs than she knew how to handle. But Mary was always there to manage.

In the years that followed, Mary Douvan and her daughter became inseparable. When Mr. Douvan passed away, they became even closer than before. If Sandy hadn't been so busy with her flourishing career, perhaps she would have realized that their closeness wasn't the best thing in the world for her. Both became too dependent upon each other. For Sandy, there was nothing to do except look pretty—Mama took care of everything. For Mary, there was nothing in the world but to make sure that her Sandy would become a "somebody."

When Sandra was discovered for the movies and brought to Hollywood by producer Ross Hunter, another shoulder to lean upon became available.

Life became a fantasy world for Sandra. All she had to do was ask for something and it was hers. When she went under contract to Universal-International, the studio was placed at her disposal. If she didn't feel like driving, there was a chauffeur to take her and Mama anyplace they wanted to go. If there was a particular dress Sandy wanted but her private budget couldn't afford, Mama made sure that the studio got it for her.

For Mary Douvan, everything was working out just as she had dreamed. Her daughter was becoming a big movie star, and everything was perfect. Now, she was convinced that nothing could stop them. Never once did she let Sandy forget that she was a star. It was important, even on Saturday and Sunday, to be dressed like a star, to act like a star. Sometimes, Sandy couldn't understand why, early on Saturday morning, the hairdresser or the make-up man from the studio would arrive at home to fix her up. She'd say to her mother, "Why today? Can't I have any rest? No one's coming here to see me. Please, Mother, let me be myself for just one day out of the week!"

But Mary would somehow always win, and Sandy would sit reluctantly for hours while the hairdresser set her hair in rollers and the make-up man carefully applied her make-up. She didn't want any arguments between her mother and herself. She loved her mother deeply, but was unable to make her understand that, occasionally, she would like to make a decision for herself.

Mary did everything. She collected Sandy's paychecks, paid all the bills, bought all their necessities—and luxuries. Sandy was just a "doll" whose job it was to act occasionally and look pretty all the time—nothing more. Her mother made all the decisions.

It was even Mary Douvan who first tried to convince Sandy she'd misjudged Bobby Darin. One night in San Margherita, she told Sandy, "You've never judged people before by what anyone else has to say. Why are you listening to all those rumors about Bobby Darin? Give him a chance, honey. You'll see, you'll like him a lot."

Later, when Bobby kidded Mary by saying, "Marushka, I'm gonna marry your daughter," she laughed it off as one of his witticisms, and retorted, "You and a thousand other guys!" It never dawned on her that the boy she had befriended would become the biggest threat to her personal happiness, or that for the first time, Sandy would make a major decision on her own.

When Sandy made her decision to marry Bobby, there was no way to breach the gap with her mother.

Mary steadfastly refused to come to the wedding. When asked why, Mrs. Douvan calmly said. "When someone tells you they're eloping, you just don't expect to be invited to an elopement party. Would you?"

"But it was your daughter, Mrs. Douvan!" a reporter said.

"I know it was, but I want you and everyone else to know I wasn't angry with her eloping—just slightly hurt. I felt two stars

[*Please turn the page*]

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch – Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) — discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

"Beautiful Ring Set"

Lovely Engagement or Wedding Ring to match in **10-K** yellow **Gold** filled, set with attractive brilliants. Each ring just for selling $1.50 worth famous Rosebud Products. **Order** 3 Rosebud Perfume to sell at 50¢ a bottle *OR* 6 boxes Rosebud Salve to sell at 25¢ each to get one ring. Send *NO* money, *we trust you.* Other fine premiums.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO.
Box 30, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

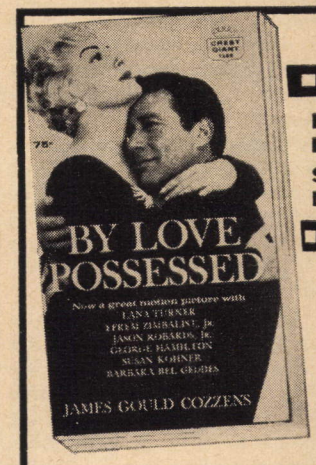
POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

Send one or more of your best poems today for FREE EXAMINATION. Any Subject. Immediate Consideration.

Phonograph Records Made

CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 450, New York 1



READ THE BOOK— SEE THE MOVIE

BY LOVE POSSESSED

T326

by James Gould Cozzens

One of the great novels of the century becomes a magnificent motion picture starring Lana Turner, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Jason Robards, Jr.

A hard-cover best seller at $4.95

NOW A CREST GIANT ONLY 75¢

ON SALE WHEREVER PAPERBACKS ARE SOLD

Buy this Crest Giant from your local newsdealer. If your dealer is sold out, send only 75¢ plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Crest Books, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

of their magnitude shouldn't have to elope, but should let everyone share in this great happiness. They could have waited. Besides, I had no idea they really were going to elope. When Sandy and I went to New York, it was because Bobby was going to play a night club there, and since Sandy wasn't working on a picture, I thought it wise that the kids have a chance to spend time together and get to know each other better. I had no idea they were planning to marry. The only marriage date I heard about was some time in January when Bobby would be playing the Copacabana, and Sandy thought they might marry in New York. The whole thing was really too rushed for me to form any opinions."

The ensuing clash between Bobby and Mary was incomprehensible to all three of them. Bobby couldn't understand why Mary seemed to have turned against him; Sandy wanted her husband to be happy, but she also wanted to please her mother. Mary, on the other hand, felt betrayed because she hadn't been consulted.

According to Sandy, every time Mary visited Bobby's and her home in Bel Air, when Bobby wasn't around, she'd jab at the fact that she thought Sandy was pregnant. "I can tell, Sandy," she'd say. "There's something in your eyes, the way you're walking, the way you're speaking to me. If you are, you're not very clever. A marriage is difficult to adjust to by itself, and having a baby only means an added burden. I hope you'll wait and not rush into things like you did your mar . . ." and she would stop herself abruptly.

Then Sandy would cry, "But I'm not pregnant, Mother. Believe me. I know what I'm doing. Please don't confuse me. Trust me—trust Bobby. We want children—I want a baby. You'll never know how much I want a baby for my very own. And if one comes, we'll not be sorry. We'll be terribly happy and you will, too."

"But what about your career, Sandra? Are you going to give it up? Don't forget you owe a lot to a great many people. The studio has been good to you, and, of course, you can't forget Ross Hunter. He's been your best friend. He'd do anything for you, Sandy. Just remember. You can't let Ross down!"

Of course, Sandra couldn't let Ross Hunter down. It was Ross who found her and helped make it all possible. She was indebted to him, and because she had been brought up never to forget people who are good to you, Sandy never would forget Ross. But to say that she owed him everything wouldn't be true either. As Sandra had succeeded with her career, so had Ross with his—and mainly with pictures starring Sandra.

Nevertheless, Sandy knew that when she married Bobby, it was a shock to Ross. The fledgling had developed wings. If Ross wondered if Sandy was perhaps too young (knowing in his heart that she was immature and inexperienced), he never said so. To the public, he announced how happy he was for this wonderful couple and told everyone he was planning a wedding party for them as soon as they returned home. In fact, he was the first person to be invited to their home for dinner when they returned to Hollywood. And it was Ross who called Mary Douvan the following day and said, "Mary, you should see them. They're just wonderful together. They're so happy!"

But Sandy received another impression. She wasn't sure how happy Ross *really* was. She couldn't figure out why he would run onto the *Tammy, Tell Me True* set several times a day, stop the cameras, and run over to her to say, "I miss you, honey. How do you feel? How's Bobby? What's happening? Are you happy?" And before she could answer him, he'd continue, "By the way, why don't you come out with me to dinner tonight? It's an important party!"

When she'd look up at him, her big, brown eyes puzzled because she knew that her answer had to be, "But I'm going home to my husband tonight," she'd feel all torn apart inside. She didn't want to say "no" to Ross, yet she knew she had to because she was married and her first obligation was to her husband.

Why can't he understand, she'd say to herself? *Why must I tell him "no?" Why must I tell my mother I have a husband now who's helping me make decisions. Why can't they understand that I'm not disobeying them, but that I must make my own decisions.*

But the answers just didn't come. What came instead was confusion. When Sandy left the studio for the warmth of Bobby's arms, all she could really bring him was an unhappy state of mind.

You'd have to be a pretty insensitive guy not to realize that something was bothering your wife tremendously when she'd walk into the house with a false smile. And when you'd ask her, "What's up, honey?" she'd turn around and blurt out, "I had to tell Ross 'No' tonight, and Mother and I had a quarrel on the phone again." All this made Bobby more resentful of the fact that his wife was a working woman, and that these two people, who claimed to love her so much, were unconsciously making her miserable. Bobby had wanted a woman who would be his. He wasn't a selfish person. He hadn't said to Sandy, "Give up your mother and Ross!" He was willing to share. The only thing he wouldn't stand for was seeing his wife thrown constantly into a dark pit of confusion.

They made everything so difficult for her and forced her into situations for which there was no solution without hurting someone. The situation finally came to a head one Sunday afternoon in Las Vegas, at the Flamingo Hotel. Bobby, Sandy and a group of friends sat around the bungalow playing cards and listening to music. No one said a word. It seemed Bobby's disease was catching. He had lost his voice and was unable to speak. This situation had occurred several times before, but with a day's rest, Bobby had always gotten back in good shape. But this time was different. Two days had gone by, and instead of getting better, Bobby's throat got worse. For the first time, Bobby seemed worried. As time dragged on, Sandy was torn between concern for her husband and concern for her job. In a little while, she'd have to head back to Hollywood, since she had an early call for *Tammy Tell Me True*. She didn't want to leave, but obligation stared her in the face. She knew if she could only get through this picture, she'd be okay. It would be a long time before she'd tackle another one—even though Ross Hunter was asking her every day for a starting date on *Chalk Garden*, her next film. And every day, she'd kid him and tell him, "Tomorrow, Ross. I might tell you tomorrow." But Ross Hunter was wondering if there'd be a tomorrow. He feared those rumors about Sandy being pregnant might be true. Was he going to lose his star to motherhood? And so, every day, he'd press a little harder.

Sandy was looking forward to the end of the picture so she could be with Bobby. And perhaps there would be no more of these separations. Sandy certainly hoped not.

By 7 o'clock, Bobby was in pretty bad shape, and while he tried to hide his concern from Sandy and also the fact that two specialists from Los Angeles were flying up, somehow you can't hide these things from a woman who is in love and concerned about her husband.

Sandy decided to check to see if there was a later plane. A phone call to the airport proved there was a flight leaving at 4:30 in the morning. If she made that one, no one need ever know that she didn't take the 9 p.m. one she was originally scheduled for. She'd still be at the studio in plenty of time for her early call. She wouldn't even have to call Ross to tell him she would be late. Bobby was relieved that Sandy was staying a little while longer.

At 11 p.m., the phone rang in the bungalow. The 4:30 flight wouldn't be in on time. Snow storms in Minneapolis had canceled the flight. Sandy was most upset. "What am I going to do? I'll have to hire a car and drive to L. A. . . . I've just got to get there."

"No, you don't," Bobby rasped desperately. "Call Ross and tell him you'll be late. Every star is entitled to be late to the studio once in her life. Have you ever been late before, Sandy?"

"No," she nodded, "but Bobby, he won't understand. I can't do this to Ross. I've got to get out of here. I've never been late in my life to the studio, and I don't want to start now!"

"Well, I'm not going to let you drive," Bobby said. "You haven't had any sleep and it's a long, long drive. Sandy, nothing will happen. Just phone Ross and tell him you'll be late."

"I can't, Bobby. Believe me, if I could, I would. If you won't call a car, I'll have to get one myself."

Bobby was too exhausted to argue any further. He retired to the bedroom and just then the two doctors from L. A. arrived and began to examine Bobby.

I tried to reason with Sandy, but all she could say was, "What will I tell Ross. He'll never really understand."

"If you tell him the truth, you have nothing to be afraid of," I insisted. "After all, if he really loves you the way he says he does, he'll realize your predicament. He's not a heartless man."

"But what if he doesn't. What if he tells me that I should have listened to him and not come up here. What'll my mother say when she finds out?"

"Would it be better if you weren't here when Bobby really needs you now? Grow up, Sandy. You're a married woman now. Just remember, if you've done nothing wrong, you'll never get in trouble. Now here," I

said, handing her the phone. "Call Ross and tell him the whole story."

Shaking from head to toe, Sandy asked for the Beverly Hills operator.

Moments later, she was speaking calmly into the phone, "Ross, this is Sandy. I have a little problem. . . ." And she went on to relate her predicament. What was said on the other end of the phone, I don't know, but it was obvious that Sandy was having a difficult time trying to explain to Ross. She had to repeat over and over, "But I couldn't leave him, Ross. He's sick and he's my husband."

After 15 minutes of conversation, she hung up the phone and sighed deeply. "If he doesn't understand now, he never will."

Moments later, the doctors came out of the bedroom.

"Is he all right? What's wrong with him?" she asked.

"Nothing to worry about. He'll be all right," one of the doctors said. "I think both of you need some rest. You can go in and see him now if you want to."

Almost before he finished speaking, Sandy was inside. She closed the bedroom doors, but through the paper-thin walls, I could hear Bobby croak, "You see, honey, I told you there was nothing to worry about. I knew Ross would understand. Just listen to me, honey, and you'll be all right."

"I want to, Bobby . . . I really want to," Sandy sighed.

How Sandra Dee will solve her problem, I have no idea. It's not an easy task when the three people you love most keep tugging at you in different directions. Naturally, there is some right on all three sides—four, if you count Sandra, and she contributes to the problem, also—but Sandy's happiness is at stake here, and I think she is the one who must make the decisions involving her marital happiness.

With time and patience, she can make her mother, Ross Hunter and her husband understand the problem she faces and perhaps even talk them into helping her solve it.

Somebody must do something, for it's an untenable situation all the way around, which is tearing Sandra Dee to pieces.

—BY RONA BARRETT

Hedda Hopper

[*Continued from page 6*]

I wonder if you'll be as surprised as I was to learn that Susan Hayward's salary is $300,000 per picture plus 7% of profits.

Hope Lange must be playing some kind of game. She and Don Murray haven't started divorce proceedings, but the house they painted and furnished piece by piece is up for sale. She's been seen constantly with Glenn Ford, yet the new house Glenn is building has just two bedrooms. Since she has two children and he has one—I don't think Glenn plans to make Hope Mrs. Ford.

Carol Heiss, who plays Snow White in her first picture, returned from Akron, Ohio, for a kiss, and went home with a black eye. 20th Century decided to reshoot the scene where Prince Charming awakens Snow White with a kiss. In the original take, he kissed her on the cheek and it looked too tame—so Carol came back to Hollywood for a kiss on the lips. On the set she slipped and hit her face against a sharp piece of furniture, getting a cut under her eye.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW? Garbo is still unmarried and lives a lonely life in the same apartment building on New York's East River that houses Mary Martin. She got an honorary Oscar after she retired from acting.

Francis X. Bushman now hosts a TV show in Hollywood that shows movies of the past.

Charles Farrell sold his famous Racquet Club in Palm Springs but he still works there as host. He and Virginia Valli have been married for thirty years.

Rod LaRocque retired from films many years ago and does well in real estate. His wife Vilma Banky is a golf champion.

Clara Bow lives in seclusion in Santa Monica with a nurse. She paints when she feels like it. Her husband Rex Bell and their two sons live in Las Vegas.

Lillian Gish is on Broadway in *All The Way Home*.

Buster Keaton is always in demand on TV and is always good. Recently he toured with the musical *Once Upon A Mattress*.

Janet Gaynor does a TV series. Her son Robin Adrian will marry this summer.

Colleen Moore is now Mrs. Homer Hargrave, a civic leader of Chicago and member of the firm of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith. Her husband has a seat on the stock exchange.

Norma Shearer is divinely happy as Mrs. Martin Arrouge. She's 56 but doesn't look it. Her daughter was married and divorced. Her son's stayed married.

Ginger Rogers did it again! She married William Marshall. Good luck, Ginger!

Alice Faye commutes from Palm Springs to New Orleans where her recently-married daughter now lives.

Don Ameche, the father of six, starred on Broadway recently in *13 Daughters*.

Jean Arthur has retired from the screen and lives the life of a recluse in Carmel, California.

Gene Autry's switched from horses to baseball. He formed a new major league ball team, The Angels. We're all rooting like mad for them. P.S.—They didn't ask Los Angeles taxpayers to buy them a ball park.

Bette Davis divorced Gary Merrill, her fourth husband, and is coming back to Hollywood for *Pocketful Of Miracles* with Glenn Ford.

Constance Bennett was the first film player to earn $30,000 a week 25 years ago. She recently played *Auntie Mame* on stage. In private life, she's happily married to Col. John Coulter.

James Cagney has been married to the same wife for 40 years, and has two children. He owns a huge ranch in San Francisco and a paying farm in upper New York state.

Dana Andrews has made a killing in real estate by buying low and selling high. He has four children and the same wife he had when he made it big in films.

That's all the news for now. See you next month. ●

2 FREE GOLD-TONE ENLARGEMENTS of Your Favorite Photos!

SEND YOUR BEST 2 COLORED NEGATIVES, TRANSPARENCIES, SLIDES, BLACK AND WHITE SNAPSHOTS, PHOTOS OR NEGATIVES.

Just to acquaint you with the beautiful portrait quality of our new Gold-Tone Process, we will make you a 5 x 7 Gold-Tone Enlargement of your best 2 of the above—FREE. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing and get our bargain offer for having your small pictures or negatives made into gorgeous Natural Color Portrait Enlargements and mounted in harmonizing Ivory and Gold frames. Limit 2. Please enclose 15c for handling each enlargement. Originals returned with enlargements. Act Now!

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. B-209
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

Woman Tortured by Agonizing ITCH

"I nearly itched to death for 7½ years. Then I discovered a new wonder-working creme. Now I'm happy," writes Mrs. D. Ward of Los Angeles

Here's blessed relief from tortures of vaginal itch, rectal itch, chafing, rash and eczema with a new amazing scientific formula called LANACANE. This fast-acting, stainless medicated creme kills harmful bacteria germs while it soothes raw, irritated and inflamed skin tissue. Stops scratching and so speeds healing. Don't suffer! Get LANACANE at druggists!

POEMS WANTED

Best songs recorded FREE with 7-piece orchestra. We write music. Send poems for FREE examination today!

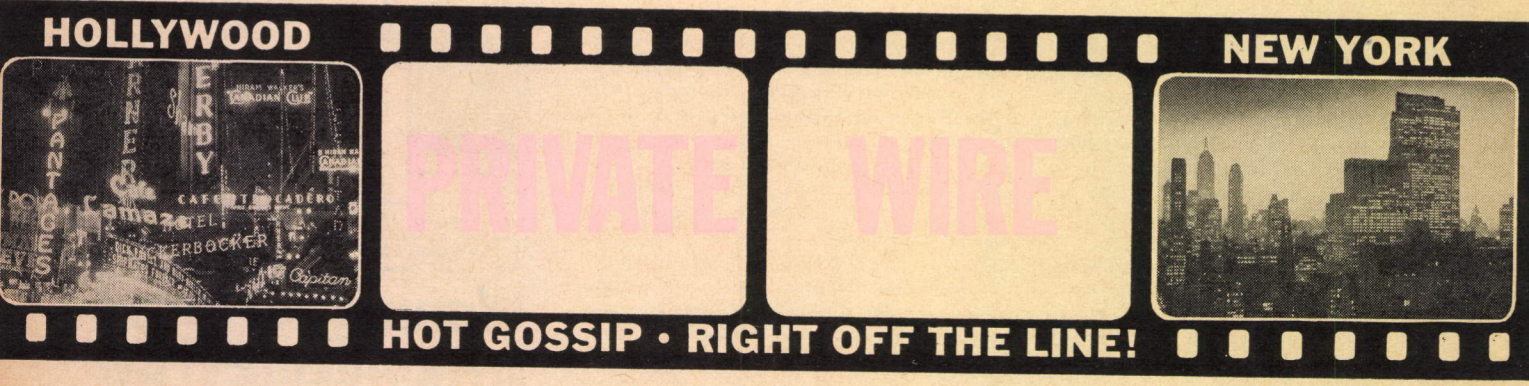
SONGMAKERS
Dept. R, 1472 Broadway, New York 36, N. Y.

BE FIRST TO WEAR THE NEWEST HAIR STYLES!
SEE THEM IN THE
SUMMER ISSUE

ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

50¢ at all newsstands—or send 50¢ plus 10¢ mailing charge to

Fawcett Publications, Dept. MP-6, Greenwich, Conn.



The certainty of earning close to a half million dollars in England is very tempting to Elvis Presley. But there have been distinct rumbles in the British Press that if El makes the trip, he is going to get lambasted in print. He's concerned about this.

You Presley fans may be interested in learning Elvis' real attitude toward things that are printed about him.

"You know," he told Private Wire, "I am old enough now not to let anything they say bother me, as long as it's the truth. But it's the lies I read about myself that makes my heart small."

Seems Frankie Avalon has a man-sized problem! Frankie frequently kids about his size, but in the movie business, a man's stature unfortunately, is related to his height. Hollywood has a habit of selecting tall girls for stardom. That of course, makes it tough on short leading men—especially one as short as Avalon.

But to make matters worse, 20th Century-Fox wants Frankie to appear in a picture called, of all things, *High Heels*, and who are the girls mentioned to play opposite Frankie? Piper Laurie, Carroll Baker, Hope Lange, Carol Lynley and Dolores Hart, each of whom towers over him.

But that's all right, Frank! It took a shortie named David to topple a giant named Goliath.

Despite the fact that TV is the medium that made him a star, Jim Garner doesn't think very much of television. He has announced, quite calmly, that with the exception of a few "choice" guest spots, he will now devote his career almost entirely to movies. But we're betting he still finds time for that daily round of golf.

Whispers are getting louder that 20th Century-Fox has a bad case of Liz Tayloritis and is quietly searching for a new star for *Cleopatra*. Despite all their disclaimers, one insider informed us months ago that "Liz Taylor will never make *Cleopatra*." We snorted at that one, but now it looks as if the report may be right.

As we go to press, our crystal-gazer still insists Liz will never make *Cleo*.

Look for a gradual lessening of Debbie Reynolds' movie and television activities. As Mrs. Harry Karl, she is devoting most of her time spark-plugging fund-raising campaigns for charities.

One Hollywood cynic claims, "It figures! Debbie never really wanted to be an actress, only a personality."

In case you ever have a date with Gardner McKay in the commissary at 20th Century-Fox, watch out! Regular patrons of the exclusive beanery have unofficially elected Gard as the "champion hand-holder and finger-squeezer under the table—any table!"

The word's around that Her Serene Highness, Princess Grace Kelly is just dying to make a movie. The Prince is against it, but we understand that doesn't mean very much. The real cause of Grace's reluctance, we hear, is that she's concerned about the bedlam that will break loose if she ever returns to Hollywood. A veteran of many bouts with friendly and unfriendly reporters and photographers, she doesn't want to go through it again.

Rumored solution is that Grace might consider doing a movie in Europe *if* she gets the right movie.

Don't take those quarrels between Jacques Bergerac and Dorothy Malone, too seriously. As far as we can tell, they're just husband and wife spats.

In a quick yak with Tuesday Weld, Private Wire discovered an interesting new plan she's considering for her date future.

"I am a little bit older now," she said, "and perhaps I've changed

some. So what I'm going to do now is go back and take a new, long look at all the boys I once ignored."

We don't think Tuesday realizes what a task she's cut out for herself. To the best of our recollection, in the past couple of years, Tuesday has ignored practically everybody.

Isn't Connie Francis' outburst of temperament caused by a secret romance that isn't going so well? . . . And wouldn't Bill and Ardis Holden like to chuck their Swiss residence set-up and come back to Hollywood? And isn't the main reason they're sticking it out because they don't want to give friends the chance to say "We told you so?" . . . Isn't Elvis Presley's decision to return to sideburns because of Leticia Roman? . . . And isn't the feuding between Rod Taylor and his TV co-star, Lloyd Bochner, over one of them getting more fan mail than the other? . . . Isn't June Allyson finding the role of divorcee anything but gay? Just askin'?

Frank Sinatra says he will do no more interviews for at least another six months. Reason given is that he's too busy. But there's more to it than that.

Frank has discovered that every time he gives an interview, he says things he is sorry for later. And, if you recall, he *is* very close to President John Fitzgerald Kennedy—regardless of the denials you may hear and see. So rather than take a chance on having his conduct and quotes reflect unfairly on the high office or on losing the President's friendship, Frank has decided to say little and do a lot.

Hate to be the first to say it, but all is not coming up roses in the Sandra Dee-Bobby Darin house. Oddly enough, the problems have nothing to do with their love for each other. That is as strong as ever.

But they've got themselves into the most disconcerting two-career headache that could beset a newly-married couple.

Bobby's working on one movie lot, Sandy on another. Then Bobby spends many of his evenings negotiating on night club, television and personal appearance commitments.

"We were together more often *before* we were married than now," moans Sandra good-naturedly.

We've been told that Darin is seriously considering a long vacation for Sandra, whether her studio likes it or not. We can tell you, Bobby, the studio *won't* like it.

Two of the handsomest video heroes on television, Gardner McKay and Doug McClure, are having love troubles with their steadies.

Gard's honey, Dolores Hawkins, and Doug's girl, Barbara Luna, want to know the score! Seems Doug is just taking his time thinking things over. Dolores' rival for Gard seems to be nothing more serious than basketball.

At any rate, the girls are pushing the boys to name the dates for the respective weddings and if a time is not forthcoming, the chorus from the girls is liable to be "bye, bye, baby."

Just when it seemed that their post divorce hassles over custody and visitation rights of their young son were over, Marlon Brando and ex-wife Anna Kashfi squared off again in opposite corners.

Brando's still not satisfied with the schedule he must follow in order to see his son, Christian. But he doesn't seem to realize that his unending parade of girl friends is working against him. The public doesn't mind a bachelor-father having dates—but with Brando the "action" is fast and furious.

On the other hand, Anna's playing it cool. She dates moderately and then with very respectable young men, dresses beautifully, says little and keeps her name out of the papers.

If ever she is called on to show that she is an exemplary mother, she'll have no trouble convincing the court.

The Betsy Drake-Cary Grant "not quite married—but not quite

[*Please turn the page*]

Foot Relief

Quick-Acting, Extra Soft, Cushioning Foot Plaster

To speedily relieve painful corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions, tender spots, burning on bottom of feet—use Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. You cut this soothing, cushioning, flesh color, superior moleskin to any size or shape and apply. At Drug, Shoe, Department and 5-10¢ stores.

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX

FREE 5x7 ENLARGEMENT COLORED IN OILS

WITH 25 WALLET SIZE PHOTOS FROM ANY SNAPSHOT, PHOTO, OR NEGATIVE **$1**

11x14 Colored in oils **$1.98**

4 5x7 ENLARGEMENTS 1 COLORED in OILS
or
2 8x10 ENLARGEMENTS 1 COLORED in OILS
$1

Add 25¢ postage and handling. Send payment with order. Specify color eyes, hair, clothes.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT CO., DEPT. F
1180 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.

UGLY WARTS GO!

Remove UGLY WARTS this quick, easy way. TRAW, remarkable new preparation discovered by druggist, removes ugly warts. TRAW removes them safely. Will not injure skin. Leaves no scar. Results guaranteed or Money Back. At leading druggists or mail $1.00 to Dept. F-11, TRAW, Martin Ave., Clifton, N. J. SORRY NO C.O.D.'s. **TRAW**

ANALYZE HANDWRITING

MORE INCOME...MORE PRESTIGE and Greater PERSONAL Success! YOU CAN learn how to identify character and personality traits from ordinary handwriting. Fascinating home-study training. Many career opportunities for both men and women, full or spare-time. Just send your name, address for a FREE sample lesson and big illustrated catalog. Free. No salesman will bother you. (State age).

Free! GRAPHO ANALYSIS LESSONS

INTERNATIONAL GRAPHO ANALYSIS SOCIETY, INC.
Dept. FN-84 - - - Springfield 4, Missouri

POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC
SEND YOUR POEMS TODAY FOR FREE EXAMINATION
J. CHAS. McNEIL A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
1112 FG Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.

GIVE BLOOD

... give it again and again

NATIONAL BLOOD PROGRAM

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

Famous SPEEDWRITING shorthand. 120 words per minute. No symbols; no machines. Uses ABC's. Learn at home or through classroom instruction. Lowest cost. Over 500,000 graduates. Typing available. 38th Year. Write for FREE booklet.

Speedwriting®
Dept. 2006-1
55 W. 42 St., N.Y. 36

SIMULATED DIAMOND LADIES' ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS

ONLY $1. per set of 2 rings

You'll love these rings—the simulated diamonds look like a "million dollars" and sparkle with many stones. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman only $1. plus postage for both rings. If you send $1. cash with order we pay all postage. GUARANTEE: Wear rings 10 days. If not pleased return for refund. White or yellow gold color effect or sterling silver mountings.

Both Rings for $1.

HAREM CO., Dept. A516
30 Church St., New York 7, N.Y.

NEW CHEMICAL CRYSTALS Safely CURLS, WAVES HAIR Without Permanent Waving

No matter how straight and hard to curl your hair is, just stir a spoonful of new discovery KASACURL HAIR WAVING CRYSTALS in a glass of water. Comb through hair, put up on reg. curlers or pins. Overnight hair takes on soft lustrous casual waves and curls as lovely as natural wavy hair. Safe for all types hair, even dyed hair. And no matter how damp or rainy the weather, your KASACURL stays in as neat and wavy the 7th day as the first. Rich in protein, conditions dry hair. It's amazing! Guarantee, satisfaction or money back. Send $1.10 tax included for a full year's supply. If C.O.D. postage extra. Write:

JUST COMB IN

YOUNG CO., Dept. 300-F
7640 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 48, Ill.

SONGS·POEMS

We need New Ideas FOR RECORDING . . . Your Songs or Poems could EARN MONEY FOR YOU!

FREE EXAMINATION

Mail to: STAR-CREST RECORDING CO.
Dept. D-5, 6602 Lexington Ave., Hollywood 38, Calif.

THIS EXPLOSIVE BESTSELLER ABOUT LIFE AND LOVE BEHIND THE TV SCREEN ". . . has all the ingredients that sent people into bookstores for PEYTON PLACE." —*San Francisco Examiner*

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

by Lissa Charell

(D445)

WHAT THE NATION'S BOOKSELLERS ARE SAYING ABOUT THE HAPPY MEDIUM

Dallas, Texas "Slick—salacious."

East Lansing, Michigan
"It should hit the same market that made THE BEST OF EVERYTHING a best seller."

A CREST GIANT ON SALE WHEREVER PAPERBACKS ARE SOLD

ONLY 50¢

Buy this Crest Giant from your local newsdealer. If your dealer is sold out, send only 50¢ plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Crest Books, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

divorced" set-up looks as though it is about to come to an end. The conservative Mr. Grant has flipped for Ziva Rodann, the most unconventional personality to hit Hollywood in years. Cary—who has always preferred quiet, sophisticated, social women—first kicked over his old ways when he began dating another explosive beauty, German show girl Sheika Moser. But Sheika grew tired of his staid ways and traded him in for dates with Ricky Nelson and Jim Arness. His current "lively" miss has him in a spin. We suspect that if Ziva would like to be Cary's wife—Cary would like it, too.

Rod Taylor better watch his bachelor status—it may be in jeopardy. His home in the Coldwater Canyon area, just a hilltop below Frank Sinatra's pad, is being completely re-decorated by France Nuyen. And a smart girl she is, too, to devote so much of her time to this project, 'cause if anyone is ever able to get Taylor in the wedding-bell mood—it'll probably be France. If she does become Mrs. Taylor, at least Rod won't have to foot the bill to re-do his home to suit his bride.

Troy Donahue's surprise engagement to Lili Kardell really threw Sally Todd, who had expected to be on the receiving end of a Donahue wedding ring. The handsome actor plans to wed Lili in July when he gets time off from his TV series, *Surfside 6*. They'll honeymoon in Europe and visit Lili's parents in Stockholm for a couple of weeks before heading back to Hollywood.

There have been some changes made in Fabian. The once shy, nervously awkward, young boy from Philly is no more. In his place is a charming, delightfully gregarious young man—the result of hard work, study and a burning determination for perfection. He is not only singing better, but has matured into a first class actor—and it's all Fabe's doing. He got tired of being referred to as "that singer with the pretty face," and started on a self-imposed program of intensive study which has resulted in the "new" Fabian.

If some of the other youngsters in the limelight would get wise to themselves, they, like Fabian, could also have substantial long-term careers ahead of them.

Kim Novak seems determined to make herself unhappy by wanting what she's already discarded. Now working under the direction of the ex-man-in-her-life, Dick Quine, in *The Notorious Landlady*, she's evidencing all the signs of being in love. This, say friends, is because Quine, who has vowed never to let himself be hurt by her again, has been extremely cool. Apparently this makes Kim want him.

Clark Gable's Son Is Born!

[*Continued from page* 13]

had denied her husband, seemed almost too much to bear.

Kay wanted to give Clark a son more than she wanted life itself. Her close friends will tell you that she would gladly have given her own life for his son had that been necessary, just as she would have given her life to save Clark had that been possible.

Clark and Kay were giddy with happiness that first year of their marriage, in 1955, when she discovered she was pregnant. They made the most elaborate, even wacky, plans for the child they hoped would be a son. Then Kay had a miscarriage.

In 1959, she had a heart attack, and it was a bad one. On top of this came the tragedy of Clark's death, the loneliness, and the burden of being the widow of a celebrity, which meant that every single thing she did from the day she lost her husband was spotlighted.

Throughout all this, Kay Gable behaved as she knew Clark would want her to behave. Gallantly. Sensibly.

Even at Clark's funeral, visibly pregnant, she bore up beautifully. She agreed that the photographers might take one picture of her, and she stood quite still as she posed for it.

It was the first time in any one's experience in Hollywood that the news photographers did not ask for just one more. It was a tribute to Kay that they respected her fairness. Equally, on Sunday, March 19th, when she went to the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital to be prepared for the Caesarean that would bring John into the world, she paused with lovely manners and sensitive sportsmanship and let the photographers shoot her entering the hospital. She was enormous with child, and she was flawlessly groomed and dressed. This, of course, was her tribute to Clark. This was the way he had always wanted her to be,

had wanted any woman in his life to be—feminine, but sensible, and flawlessly combed and made-up—no matter what the circumstances.

Kay nearly collapsed, however, as she walked into the hospital. The blood drained from her face, and the admitting nurse had to rush to support her. She had put herself through almost too much of an ordeal, and, as she stepped into the hospital, Clark's death came back to her too vividly. He had died in this same hospital, and her hours of waiting there had been almost too much to accept.

Then Johnny stirred in her. That brought her back to the immediate. Kay Gable drew a long breath and went bravely toward her room. Her doctor, seeing her agitation, said they would prepare her for the operation immediately, but she took only a mild sedative, and toward dawn, a spinal. This was because she was determined to watch her son being born. She did not let herself doubt that he would be a son. There had to be—there simply had to be—a boy to carry on the Gable name.

Even before she lay back and waited for the drugs to act, Kay had found a lamp that reflected the whole room. She adjusted her head so that she could use the lamp as a mirror in which she could see her son's image come into being.

She had three doctors, the chief of whom was Dr. Richard Clark, and she watched their adroit movements, and then she saw the birth of her child. A second later, she heard his lusty howl in a voice that could only be male. She reached out her arms for him. "Let me kiss him for his pa," she whispered. "Let me kiss him." She was too excited to feel the hypo go into her arm.

"Later," said Dr. Clark, who was all too aware that even a mother's kiss isn't sterile enough for a moment-old baby. But Kay Gable didn't hear him say that. The hypo knocked her out instantly.

When she woke, it was early evening, and her room was filled with flowers. Telegrams were piled up on tables and chairs like golden snow. Presents were arriving, masses of baby spoons, masses of porringers.

Dr. Clark was smiling at her. "He's a wonderful, healthy boy," he said.

"Johnny," she whispered. "Oh, Clark, my darling, we've got him, your boy, John Clark. And I'll never let anyone call him Junior."

That had been Clark's idea—to name the baby Johnny. He thought it would be too much of a handicap for a boy to be known as Clark Gable, Jr. There are quite a crop of "juniors" in Hollywood, like Edward G. Robinson, Jr., John Barrymore, Jr., and several others. And many of them have had problems. Kay agreed with Clark—of course, she would have agreed with him even if he had said the sun rose in the West. That's the way she felt about his opinions.

Nevertheless, she knew that they could name their baby Taj Mahal Gable or John Paul Jones Gable, or any other thing, and the kid would still be known as Clark Gable's son, and undoubtedly be nicknamed Clark the moment he hit school.

When Kay Gable had been pregnant the first time, Clark had discussed all the things he wanted for his son—which schools he wanted him to attend, which college. Then, when she lost that baby, he never mentioned those dreams again. Last summer, when they knew another baby was on the way, Clark was too superstitious to talk about his paternal dreams. So Kay kept silent, too.

But they did add a nursery on their ranch house. It was complete with bath and room for a living-in nurse, if they wanted one. Too, they were deluged by thousands of presents from Clark's fans. They poured in constantly—hundreds of little sweaters, thousands of small booties, dozens of blankets and carriage throws, and masses of toys—most of them hand-made with the most loving care.

Of course, Clark's child would start out ahead of him in many respects. He would be an heir to several million dollars, for instance. Clark left his entire estate to Kay, with the exception of a house which he gave to his first wife, Josephine Dillon. In the last 10 years, Clark never made a film for less than a half million dollars plus ten per cent of the gross earnings, so you know he left a genuine fortune. And he had been in the upper income brackets for nearly 30 years.

Kay is rich in her own right, too. Both her husbands before Clark were millionaires. But like Clark, she had infinitely more than wealth. She had a capacity to love so deep that she never fell out of love with Clark—even in the 10 years it took them to patch up the one quarrel they had before their marriage. And she is a simply great mother, as Bunker and Joan Spreckles, her children, prove at a glance.

So John Gable starts with another thing that his father lacked: a built-in brother and sister. The wisdom with which Kay has raised her children is shown by what they were doing while John was being born.

Young Joan was at mass, praying for John's and her mother's safety. Bunker was at the hospital, trying to take over the paternal role, telling the reporters about the new baby, explaining about his name.

John will have a third thing his father never acquired: he will have religion. Clark Gable was a man with a sharp ethical sense. His word was all you ever needed on any transaction. But he didn't go to church. That is, he never did, except the occasional times he went with Bunker and Joan to mass. The Spreckles children are being brought up Catholic, just as Kay was. Kay had stopped regular church attendance after her divorces, but since Clark's death, she had returned to her faith, for its consolation and spiritual support.

So John has been baptized a Catholic, wearing the most lavish christening dress you ever saw, all priceless white lace, and designed by Don Loper. Not that John cares a bit about that, any more than his father would have.

John Clark Gable. He has to be handsome, because both his parents were blessed with such good looks. He has to be bright, for the same reason. Maybe he'll become an actor. Kay has always wanted to act, and his dad took his profession with the most respectful seriousness. But do what he will, he'll still be known as Clark Gable's son.

Unless, that is, he grows up and becomes President of the United States. And why not? Other boys have. ●

Want to Get Rid of Dark or Discolored Skin, Freckles, Skin Spots?

Famous Mercolized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN Lightens, Beautifies Skin While You Sleep . . . Just follow the amazing Mercolized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN to a whiter, softer, lovelier skin. Smooth rich, luxurious Mercolized Wax Cream on your face or arms just before retiring each night for one week. You'll begin to see results almost at once...lightens dark skin, blotches, spots, freckles as if by magic! This is not a cover up cosmetic; Mercolized Wax Cream works UNDER the skin surface. Beautiful women have used this time-tested plan for over 40 years—you'll love its fast, sure, longer lasting results! Mercolized Wax Cream is sold on 100% guarantee or money back. Start using it now!

Lightens dark skin and ugly spots almost overnight.

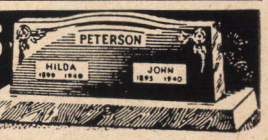
MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM
At All Drug and Cosmetic Counters

CORNS also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Jars, 35¢ and 60¢. Buy Mosco at your druggist.

REMOVED BY MOSCO

Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Company, Rochester, N.Y.

MONUMENTS EASY TERMS



AS LOW AS $4.52 DOWN

Monuments—Markers—Direct to you Satisfaction or money back—Lowest Prices—Freight Paid. ***Free Catalog.***

ROCKDALE MONUMENT CO., Dept. 706, JOLIET, ILL.

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Speedy, efficient service. Send for **FREE** manuscript report & copy of **Publish Your Book.**

CARLTON PRESS Dept. T5F
84 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

$ UP TO 300 FOR YOUR CHILD'S PHOTO! paid by advertisers

Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Schultz received $300. Others $100. Get big money for your child's photo for calendars, etc. Send ONE small photo of your child, (ages 4 months to 20 years). Returned. Print child's, mother's name, address, on back.

Hollywood Spotlite, 1611 N. LaBrea, JF Hollywood, Cal.

$ SONGS into DOLLARS!

NEW songwriters, poets share $33 millions yearly. Songs Composed, **PUBLISHED,** Promoted. Appraisal, info **FREE** from..

NORDYKE Music Publishers
6000 Sunset, HOLLYWOOD 289. Calif.

FEMALE PROBLEM

Thousands of women find speedy relief from the physical distress of irregular, scanty, or painful menses due to functional disorders by taking HUMPHREYS "11"—a safe, gentle, non-hormonal, truly homeopathic remedy. At all drugstores. No prescription needed.

FREE 5x7 ENLARGEMENT COLORED IN OILS
25 WALLET PHOTOS $1 plus 25c handling & postage

2½" x 3½" photos made on professional paper. Send photo, snapshot or neg. today with $1.25 (originals returned unharmed). State color of hair, eyes, clothing. **DISCOUNT PHOTO SERVICE**
Dept. A, 835 B'way, N. Y. 3, N. Y.

[*Continued from page* 10]

of affairs and came to the conclusion: "If a girl could only love a guy without trying to run his life, too, how much happier both she and he would be!"—The End.

When **YOUNG HOLLYWOOD** decides it's time for a feud—look out! **DICK BEYMER** is on the warpath. He flares up at the mere mention of **FABIAN**. And I'm beginning not to blame him—or Fabe! It's just circumstance—or is it? They both played in *High Time*—but Fabe had a better role. That situation was aggravated when **TUESDAY WELD** found Fabian more fascinating than "Beymy." So, Dick found **KATIE KELLY**, who was working as an extra on the set. Needless to say, you know what happened there. . . . Swapsville! Finally, all was copasetic. Then came word that Dick was practically set for *Go North To Alaska*—but Fabe snagged the role. Now we hear 20th is prepping two flicks, *Bachelor Flat* and *Celebration*—and guess who's practically set for both roles? And I'll give you one more guess what'll happen if Fabian finally snags the deal!

If you had heard the noises coming from **TUESDAY WELD**'s house in the hills the other night, you would have thought the roof had fallen. Mama and Too-Too were at it again and not even the "barefoot contessa's" new guardian, **BLANCHE DAVIS**, could do anything about it! 'Twas the same old story: Tuesday wants privacy; Mrs. Weld wants to be part of the private world. I wonder if Tuesday will win when she turns 18 in August, or if she'll pull a **SANDRA DEE** and get married. She's strong these nights on **GARY LOCKWOOD** and **SKIP WARD**!

OFF AND RUNNING . . . And **MR. DARIN** is blowing up more steam than the Fulton Steamer. Bobby couldn't care less, so he claims, what you say about him as a person, but when you start knocking his talent, that's more than he can take—especially when the critics give him just two more months in the business. Most likely, these staid critics have never watched Bobby work. If they had, they wouldn't dare knock him. After all, not every performer in the business can play to SRO crowds and have the people lining up around the Copa.

SHE'D BETTER NOT SHOUT—SHE'D BETTER NOT CRY . . . 'cause if tiny **DAWN RACHAEL CALLAN** does, you can be sure Poppa **MICKEY** may be moving out of his home—temporarily, that is, until *The Tiger Among Us* is finished. It's one of the acting plums of the season and thanks to *Pepe*, Mick will get a chance to play opposite **ROD STEIGER** and **ALAN LADD**. It's been two years since Mickey appeared in a dramatic film of this caliber (the last was *They Came To Cordura*), and he doesn't want anything to go wrong! After all, there's his pretty wife Carlyn and baby Dawn to support now and good work in good films like this one can determine their future!

IS IT TRUE . . . that **JIM HUTTON**, whom we loved in *Where The Boys Are*, is trying to work out the difficulties of his two-year marriage for the sake of his kids, 17-month-old **HEIDI TARQUIN**, and baby **TIMMY**, 6 months old? . . . That ABC-Paramount doesn't know **PAUL ANKA** is contemplating a switch to RCA Victor? . . . That all is not well on the *Babes In Toyland* set for **ANNETTE FUNICELLO** and **TOMMY SANDS** because director **JACK DONAHUE** had wanted **SHIRLEY JONES** and **JACK CASSIDY**—a combo with operatic tones—for the leads? . . . That the reason *Surfside Six*'s **LEE PATTERSON** is always in a depressed and melancholic mood is 'cause he can't forget the war-time tragedy that took the lives of his wife and two kids? . . . That the real reason **FRANKIE AVALON** wants his road manager, **TONY DESANTIS**, around with him all the time is because Tony's a good looker who helps attract plenty of pretty femmes? . . . And is it also true that 20th execs are so pleased with Frankie's work in *Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea*, that they're considering him to play opposite **TUESDAY WELD** in *High Heels*? Just Askin'?

SURFING ALONG SUNSET . . . Attended **MIKE** and **DODIE LANDON**'s fifth anniversary shindig, which turned into a slight tragedy when their business manager told them they couldn't afford to lay out $3,000 to adopt a pair of baby girl twins. The Landons hope to adopt at least three more kids since they're so pleased with one-year-old baby **JOSH**. Also celebrating a Happy, Happy was **ALLYSON ADAMS, NICK** and **CAROL**'s dotter—and she is a doll! Visited the Adams' new abode and met 18-year-old **JACK CHAPLAIN**, whom Nick signed to a 50-50 contract. Jack, an Illinois lad, who was the black sheep of his family, amazed me with his talent when he did a five-minute scene from *Death Of A Salesman* . . . **PAMELA GARNER, JIMMY**'s offspring, died a million deaths when watching her pa sing on the **DINAH SHORE** Show . . . Tragedy almost struck **BOB** and **MAGGIE DENVER**'s house. The horrible wind storms that have plagued Hollywood, knocked a tree onto their house crushing the roof where their two little kids slept . . . **DWAYNE HICKMAN** has his new dream girl and she's not an actress but a school marm. What's more, he's known her for years! Her name's **LINDA HOPE.**

DID YOU KNOW . . . that **FABIAN** registered for the draft now that he's 18 and that he bought himself a 3½-acre farm in Berlin, New Jersey, with apple orchards and all the works? . . . That **GEORGE HAMILTON** asked his ma, who hasn't wanted Georgie to get married, if she'd like **SUSIE KOHNER** for a daughter-in-law and she said, "Yes"? . . . That come **BOB CONRAD**'s wife **JOAN**'s 30th birthday, she'll inherit 200,000 greenbacks? . . . That **ROGER SMITH** and his **VIKI** may refuse all invites to parties 'cause they're afraid of incompetent baby sitters who forget to close back doors allowing their little dotter's pussy cat to get run over by a car? . . . That **VAN WILLIAMS'** energetic wife, **VICKI**, is expecting again? She lost her last baby. . . . That **BRENDA LEE** came to town for 20th's *The Two Little Bears* and is being guarded closely by **LAMAR FIKE, ELVIS PRESLEY**'s ol' buddy? . . . That **CLU GULAGHER** bought a motorcycle and 30 minutes after riding it was on crutches with a broken ankle?

PHOTO CREDITS

Pg 12: Globe; pg 21: Leo Fuchs—Globe; pg 23: Jack Gereghty—Globe; pg 24: Globe, Curt Gunther—Topix; pg 41: Dick Miller—Globe; pg 42: Leo Fuchs—Globe; pg 46: Curt Gunther—Topix; pg 48: Dick Miller—Globe; pg 49: Del Hayden.

BEHOLD! A FACE TO BE REMEMBERED! . . . If I look at *Route 66* one more time and don't tell you about **GEORGE MAHARIS**, I'll bust! If ever an oddball passed in front of a camera lens, George is it! He never wears an overcoat—not even when it's 10 degrees in his native New York City. And when he has extra money bulging out of his pockets, he gives it away. When George was studying at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York City with Sandy Meisner, he took on all sorts of odd jobs at night—singing with a group called The Singing Mariners (no, not The Mariners of **ARTHUR GODFREY** fame!), waiting tables and running an elevator in Radio City Music Hall. It took him quite a few years, but he managed to save up $3,000. Rather than spend it on himself, Maharis, The Greek (as he likes to call himself) gave the money to a girl who lived down the block from his family in Flushing, N. Y., 'cause she was mixed up and needed psychiatric help. Several months later, when George's tonsils ruptured, he didn't have any money to go to a doctor. He almost bled to death before he ended up at a clinic where, as George tells it, "an intern sat me on a chair and without anesthesia, yanked out the damn tonsils and sent me home to my bleak, telephone booth-sized pad." George also says that he was constantly aggravating his folks—and you can believe him. My only regret about this wonderful newcomer is that his gypsy soul and his *Route 66* schedule prevent him from wandering to Hollywood too often. We sure could stand having someone like him around—all the time.

GEORGE MAHARIS

ODDS 'N' ENDS . . . If you're thinking of getting into show biz do like **TUCKER SMITH**, who plays "Ice" in *West Side Story*, did. He sang *Goodbye Momma, I'm Off To Yokahama For My Country, My Flag And You!* on *The Children's Hour* . . . **BOBBY RYDELL** had a ball touring all the major capitols of the continent: Paris, Madrid, London, Copenhagen and Stockholm. That's what I call living it grand at 17!

NOGGA NOODLING . . . What handsome young actor, about to be divorced from his wife, won't fight for the custody of his child because when he tried to do so several months back, his wife drank herself under the table and got into an auto accident because she hated the thought of losing her hubby and her baby?

And that's my **YOUNG HOLLYWOOD** for now! See ya next month. ●

Nail
Satin
now...the luxury of Satin at your fingertips!
by MAX FACTOR
The gorgeous look of satin...
captured in twenty fantastically
rich colors, to tip your hands with
a fiery satin shimmer! Nail Satin—actually
blended with a touch of pure silk—
the most luxurious gift ten fingers ever had! Colors
coordinated to Max Factor's glowing
lipsticks, matched to fashion's most
tantalizing shades. Luster that goes deep, sets
into a chip-resistant finish that lasts
and lasts! There's only one Nail
Satin. It's new—and such
an exquisite touch
of luxury. Twenty
ways to dazzle,
at .75 and .95
MAX FACTOR
Nail
Satin
LIPSTICK AND NAIL SATIN, MAX FACTOR'S FLAMING ORANGE

Just be a blonde and see—a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair. Doors open for blondes. Traffic stops for blondes. Men adore you, do more for you, life is tops for blondes! So switch to bewitch. With gentle, new Ultra-Blue* Lady Clairol it's so easy. Takes only minutes. Feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—**soft, silkier to touch, altogether beautiful!** So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, that's a lovely advantage! Try new Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol, you'll love it! Of course, original Whipped Creme and Instant Whip* Lady Clairol are still available.

Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is **Lady Clairol®** Creme Hair Lightener

*T.M. ©1960 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Also available in Canada

1DollarScan

1dollarscan.com (zLibro, Inc.)
1723 Rogers Avenue Suite G,
San Jose CA 95112

I agree with the following things:

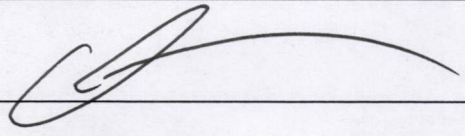
1) I am using 1dollarscan.com services based on my own request.

2) I agree to Terms and Conditions at 1dollarscan.com, http://1dollarscan.com/terms.php and my use of 1dollarscan's services will be within the scope of the Fair Use Policy (http://www.copyright.gov/fls/fl102.html). Otherwise, meet at least one of the following;

   a) I am the copyright holder of this content.
   b) I have the permission from copyright owner.

3) I understand that 1dollarscan shall have no liability to me or any third party with respect to their services.

NAME : Damion Matthews

Signature: 

Date: 7-2-20

This sheet should be inserted at the last page of each file generated by 1dollarscan.com scanning services.